The Outlook

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THE STORY OF THE WAR: THE GERMAN SEA WAR AGAINST NEUTRALS AND NON-COMBATANTS

Evidence accumulates week by week that Germany is willfully carrying on war (whether by submarines or by floating mines does not matter) against merchant ships both of her enemies and of neutrals. Her declaration of March 1, that she felt at liberty to attack any belligerent merchant ship carrying arms, has played no part in the recent developments, for among the many cases of ships attacked we have not noted one where it was claimed that the vessel was armed. The cases of the Dutch passenger ship Tubantia and the English passenger ship Sussex are the most striking and sensational of these incidents, but there are many more. Thus a press despatch of April 1 from London says that "the day's harvest of the submarines was six ships, five of them flying neutral flags," and names the ships. A despatch of the following day names four other ships, one of them neutral (Norwegian).

No more atrocious incident of submarine warfare has ever been reported than the destruction of the Russian hospital ship Portugal in the Black Sea. According to the official statement of the Russian Government, it bore all the Red Cross marks and signs, and by the laws and practice of civilized nations was exempt. Only one hundred and fifty-eight out of two hundred and seventy-three persons aboard were saved, and the Russian account states that "fourteen ladies of the Red Cross and fifty doctors and nurses perished, as well as many sailors." Whether the submarine was Turkish or not is not certain, but, if it were, the incident still remains a frightful example of the atrocity of submarine warfare as carried on by Germany and her allies. An illustration of the lack of any faith among neutrals and other seafaring men in Germany's promises not to torpedo "liners" was seen when the Holland-America passenger ship Nieuw Amsterdam came into New York the other day and it became known that her crew had refused to sail in her from Rotterdam until the company sent out with the vessel tugs towing long lines of small boats in order that there might be a chance of rescue if the ship were torpedoed. The captain of this ship incidentally stated that the strain on officers and men in crossing the North Sea is severe, as "the waters are strewn thickly with mines." It would be absurd to suppose that Great Britain is sowing floating mines in the waters traversed by her own and neutral ships, and the conclusion as to the presence of these mines is clear. A statement was submitted in the United States Senate recently by Senator Nelson, of Minnesota, which declared that between the 1st of August, 1914, and March 25, 1916, two hundred and three ships of the neutral countries bordering on the North Sea had been destroyed, more than half by submarines the rest, with one exception, by mines.

WHAT WILL THE OUTCOME BE?

Such are the facts, and it is not astonishing that there should be a critical situation, not only between the United States and Germany, but between Holland and Germany, and in a less degree in other neutral countries. Reports came during the week that Holland was massing her available troops on the German frontier and had closed the border line. That Holland is first of all concerned in maintaining her own neutrality still doubtless remains true; but she resents the destruction of the Tubantia and other Dutch ships, and is also evidently uneasy as regards possible hostile movements by Germany. The Dutch officials state that Holland's measures are dictated only by prudence and do not indicate a change of course, and it is intimated that Germany pretends to think that an invasion of Germany by British forces through Holland is to be feared. If Germany is pressing Holland under this pretext, it is simply doing in advance what Germany did as regards Belgium

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after the fact, namely, excusing wrongful action by indefinite assertions of intentions alleged to exist in another country to do wrong in the future.

The American charges against Germany because of Americans put in jeopardy of their lives in the Sussex and other vessels remain, as we write, in precisely the condition they have been in since these sea crimes took place. Evidence has increased that the Sussex was destroyed by a submarine which had previously destroyed other smaller vessels in the locality. Germany has promised to institute inquiry among the submarine commanders, but has not yet (April 5) made a statement as a result of such inquiry. A striking outcome of the Sussex matter was the despatch of the following cablegram to President Wilson by Professor James Mark Baldwin, of Baltimore, whose daughter was seriously injured in the Sussex disaster: "A woman traveling where her right was, carrying an American passport, stricken on the Sussex, hovering between life and death, demands that reparation for assault on American life and liberty be exacted." This vividly brings to the American consciousness the fact that every American is entitled to the protection of his Government, and that mere protest and diplomatic notes are a poor compensation for suffering and terror, and are also worthless as a protection for Americans in the future.

VERDUN AND THE LARGER ASPECTS OF THE WAR

The struggle around Verdun continues without decisive result. In the week ending April 5 the fighting was more intense than in the preceding week, and there were several of those infantry assaults in mass formation which the Germans employ in their most desperate attempts. The German line was advanced both in the neighborhood of Vaux (to the northeast of Verdun) and also in the region to the northwest, near Haucourt and Malancourt; but the French lines were not broken, no places of supreme importance were occupied by the Germans, and a large part of the gains made were lost again through counter-attacks by the French, particularly in the forest known as Bois Caillette, which is between Vaux and Douaumont. Thus the seventh week of the strenuous attempt to break the French position at Verdun has so far (April 5) failed. The French still hold most of the important defensive positions for miles outside the town of Verdun. Mr. Frank Simonds, the well-known writer on military affairs, says in the New York "Tribune" of April 5 that the total German gain at Verdun is an average only of from three to four miles on a semicircular front of from thirty to thirty-five miles. Compare this with what was done in the same time by Germany in Russia last year, and the result at Verdun, as compared also with the enormous loss of life and material, seems insignificant.

M. Jules Bois, speaking in New York before a distinguished audience, thus described the situation at Verdun as bearing on the campaign at large, and the statement is so forceful that it is worth quoting at some length:

> As I am speaking here 6,000 cannon are thundering at Verdun and a million men are fighting one of the most fierce and stubborn battles of history. Never has victory appeared more certain. The enemy's desperation is revealed to the world in the unheard-of sacrifices he is making to gain a little ground. The battle of Verdun is not a German offensive. It is not a thrust—it is a parry.
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> To grasp the full meaning of the battle we must recognize that the present movement is the last opportunity for Germany to do something to save herself. Spring is at hand; after the snow melts the roads must harden, and then real fighting with big forces will be possible on the front from Riga to Galicia, where the Russians have been reorganized and equipped.
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> The Italians are at present snow-bound; they have been for months. They fought bravely and took position after position that was considered impregnable, until now they have attained the highest points in their mountain warfare, and their next advances will begin to take them down hill across the lower mountains and into the plains of Austria.
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> The Anglo-French forces at Salonika are ready for a thrust. So are the Italians at Avlona. An immense English army is prepared to take the field as soon as these forces can move, and it is to compel a premature offensive by the English and French on the western front that Germany is making this effort at Verdun. Feeling that she will soon be assailed on all fronts simultaneously, Germany is striking at the point which represents her greatest danger.

ZEPPELIN RAIDS IN ENGLAND

England has again been subjected to raids by German Zeppelins. Four or five of these raids are noted in the despatches. In one of them a Zeppelin called L-15 was injured by

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English gunfire, and finally fell into the sea near the shore and sank, while its crew was rescued and captured. This is the first case of just this kind in the Zeppelin warfare, and has naturally elated the English fighters of Zeppelins. It is said that the officers of this Zeppelin were greatly incensed at the charge that Zeppelin warfare was one against women and children, and that they adduced the peculiarly German argument that, however great the loss of life among women and children and non-combatants might be, it was purely incidental, and the aim was always military damage. In point of fact, the amount of military damage—destruction of munition factories, fortifications, railways, etc.—in the recent raids was, as it always has been, comparatively slight, and the destruction of non-combatant life was very large. This assertion rests not solely on the British reports, but also on the accounts given by Americans who have returned from Great Britain. The two most extensive of these recent raids are described in the English despatches as resulting in the destruction of scores of dwelling-houses, the killing of fifty-nine persons and the wounding of a hundred and sixty-six, nearly all of whom were non-combatants. The other raids were similar in character and in results, although less extensive.

WHY GERMANY IS DISLIKED

Engelbert Pernerstorfer is the Vice-President of the Austrian House of Delegates. He has written an article published in the "Berliner Tageblatt" and the New York "Times." It should have wide and thoughtful reading both in Germany and America. This it doubtless will have, since it appears in two journals commanding both large circulations and intellectual constituencies.

In examining the political psychology of the German people Herr Pernerstorfer quotes Hugo Preuss's "The German People and Politics," noting a fundamental divergence between German psychology and the psychology of others. Here he finds an explanation of the revulsion of others against Germany. A critical examination discloses "certain grave German defects." Their casting off is essential to the restoration of a lasting European peace. The realization of this "is of supreme importance alike to the future of the German Empire and the future of European civilization."

Germany is supposed to be hated because of Prussian militarism, says Herr Pernerstorfer, and yet, of the three great military states, Russia, France, and Germany, Germany occupies the third place as far as the cost of armament is concerned. (Just as if the cost of armament made militarism!)

However this may be, he concludes that Prussian militarism is a pretext, and that the key to an understanding of the contrast between Germany and western Europe is in the difference in internal politics. And here he finds the lesson to be learned by the central Empires from the war.

The chief difference in the internal politics of the Central Powers, on the one hand, and of western Europe, on the other, is found in the subjection of the Germanic peoples to what they call the *Obrigkeit*—that is to say, the superior authorities—as contrasted with a genuine constitutionalism and parliamentary form of government in England and France, forms which, as this writer says, "alone insure the participation of all sections of the people." He proceeds:

> To be sure, it may be asked, "What do you want of England and what of France? In the one the nobility rules; in the other, finance. Is not the rule of 'enlightened absolutism' to be preferred?"
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> Yes and no. The rule of an enlightened, honest, and statesmanlike monarch is certainly of greater advantage than the rule of a nobility greedy for power or of a financial clique greedy for money. But even if the enlightened absolutism possessed the very greatest advantages, we have, as a matter of fact, now outgrown it. We will tolerate it no longer, not even in its half-constitutional, weakened form. Civilized peoples desire a free path for all their members. . . .
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> Even an opponent of Prussian Junkerdom can admit its services, . . . but it is a depressing feeling that it has the privilege of ruling the German people. Even to an opponent of the Social Democracy . . . it must be humiliating to think how it was treated by the German Government.
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> The majority of the German people consists by no means of conservative elements. Nevertheless, it has endured being ruled conservatively. . . . So are we in Austria. But among us the final omnipotence of the *Obrigkeit* is restricted by reason of numerous strong national movements frequently directed against one another.

The conclusion of the whole matter is that men of progress in other countries see in Germany the embodiment of a principle which is inimical to the spirit of progress. They remember the incentive to their own

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progress that came from France, they remember—to use Herr Pernerstorfer's words—the "ancient fame of England as the home of parliamentary self-government and personal freedom." They also recall the fact (to use his phraseology again) that "until the very recent past Russian Czarism had no stronger friend than the German *Obrigkeit*."

That, concludes this Austrian writer, and not because of Prussian militarism, is why Germany is disliked. She must carry out internal political reforms if she would conquer this aversion.

THE CHASE AFTER THE ELUSIVE VILLA

If any one imagined that the American soldiers had an easy task in overtaking Villa and his bandits, he must be by this time disillusioned. This does not mean that General Pershing and his men have been slack or unskillful in their campaign. The contrary is true; they have advanced for hundreds of miles in a most difficult country, have made record marches, have astonished Mexican commanders by their dash and vim, and twice at least have actually engaged Villa's band or some part of it and routed them with heavy relative loss to the enemy and slight loss on our side. One of these engagements was fought on March 26, near the town of Guerrero, or between that town and San Geronimo—that is, some seventy-five miles west of the city of Chihuahua and near the western branch of the Mexican railway; here it is said that sixty Villistas were killed and many wounded, with only slight casualties on our part. On April 1 a second fight took place, near Aguascalientes, also not far from Guerrero; as reported to General Funston, a detachment of the Tenth Cavalry under Colonel Brown surprised a band of Villistas and killed forty or more, with no American casualties.

Apparently Villa himself was not in either of the fights above described. The most contradictory stories have been current about him—one, first made with positiveness, then denied, then reaffirmed, then redenied, was that he was wounded (some correspondents insisted that he had lost a leg) and was retreating in a carriage. The incident is an illustration of the flood of rumors, unauthorized and unconfirmed reports, and contradictions that come from Mexico—not from headquarters, but from El Paso, San Antonio, and other places near the border on either side. It is well to remind readers that means of direct communication from our army are poor, that the military officers are not forestalling action by telling everything they know, and that when sensational despatches state that General Pershing is on the very point of capturing Villa, only to deny it the next day, it is totally unfair to our army for us to feel disappointed. The American force is hunting a band of seasoned and wily guerrillas who want to draw our soldiers as far south as possible; who always keep near to the mountain range that runs spine-like through Mexico on the west of the present scene of operations, so that the bandits retreat into all but inaccessible hills; and whose capture is an exceedingly difficult undertaking. It is probable that new troops must be sent into Mexico to strengthen the now attenuated line of communications, and it is announced that plans are being made to this end.

INFORMATION FOR A TRUTH LOVER

On another page Mr. Davenport, of The Outlook's staff, in his special correspondence, reports an interview with Mr. Benson, the Socialist candidate for the Presidency. In the course of that interview Mr. Davenport suggests that the nomination of Mr. Benson by the Socialists marks the passing of the leadership of Socialism in the United States "out of the merely emotional and agitated stage into the stage of responsible reasoning," and characterizes Mr. Benson as a "pamphleteer and thinker."

It is evident that Mr. Benson regards himself as a lover of truth and hater of falsehood. The evidence for this is in a recent article entitled the "The Indecent 'Preparedness' Campaign," to which Mr. Davenport refers in the course of his interview. This article begins with the following sentences:

> The process of outraging public decency and calling it a campaign for "preparedness" goes merrily on in these United States. Perhaps never before were more lies told, more truth suppressed, more insincerity shown, or more politics played. Everybody who is in the game had his own particular reason for getting into it, and these reasons are as dissimilar as things can be.

Mr. Benson thereupon attributes motives to the "munitions patriots," to "other great capitalistic interests," to Mr. Roosevelt, and to President Wilson. Mr. Benson must therefore be very sure of his own motives. We

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should like to know, therefore, what prompted him, as a lover of truth and a denouncer of lies, to make the following statement concerning General Leonard Wood:

> Fate made him the friend of Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt saw in him what nobody else had seen—the material for a great general. Though Wood had never been to West Point except, perhaps, as a tourist, Mr. Roosevelt jumped him over the heads of hundreds of others and sent him on his way to the head of the army. As a general in time of peace Dr. Wood has worn his gold braid gracefully and, it is to be presumed, drawn his salary regularly. He has never fought a battle or planned one that was fought.

The facts, which are easily ascertainable by any one who wishes to take the trouble to look them up, are as follows:

A year after leaving the Harvard Medical School Leonard Wood joined the army, and almost at once began service under General Miles. Mr. Benson is old enough, perhaps, to remember the fierceness of the Apache raids in those days and the reputation of the Apache chief, Geronimo. Leonard Wood voluntarily assumed the duties of a line officer in the midst of the most arduous kind of Indian campaigning, and his service then elicited praise from Captain Lawton. It led General Miles to recommend that Wood be brevetted, and occasioned the bestowal upon him of a Congressional medal of honor. This service apparently does not count with Mr. Benson when he says that General Wood "has never fought a battle or planned one that was fought." We prefer the direct testimony of Captain Lawton, who was with him at the time. He said: "I served through the War of the Rebellion, and in many battles, but in no instance do I remember such devotion to duty or such an example of courage and perseverance. It was mainly due to Captain Wood's loyalty and resolution that the expedition was successful."

When the Spanish War broke out, he was made Colonel of the Rough Riders. Mr. Roosevelt, so far from being his superior then, was his subordinate. Colonel Wood was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers in July of that same year. We should like to know how Mr. Roosevelt, Leonard Wood's subordinate, could have "jumped him over the heads of others." That promotion was given to him by the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, President McKinley. At the battle of San Juan he commanded one of the two brigades which made up General Wheeler's cavalry division. Yet Mr. Benson informs us that Leonard Wood has never fought a battle or planned one that was fought. In December of the following year, just before his appointment as Military Governor of Cuba, he was appointed Major-General of Volunteers. Mr. Roosevelt at that time was of course not in authority to do anything about this, for he was then serving as Governor of New York. On February 4, 1901, General Wood was appointed by President McKinley brigadier-general of the regular army. It was at this time, before Mr. Roosevelt was President or had any authority over army affairs, that the great advance in Leonard Wood's progress to a higher rank was made. For this promotion Mr. Roosevelt had not, and could not have had, the slightest responsibility or credit. It was a promotion, however, that was thoroughly well deserved.

His further promotion to the rank of Major-General of the United States Army came under Mr. Roosevelt's Administration, but that was in due course—it was in the regular order of seniority. To have denied him that promotion would have been not only to deprive the country of the services of a great soldier but would have been to reverse the action of President McKinley and to have made a special case by taking General Wood out of the regular order.

The fact is that for Mr. Benson's statement concerning General Wood that "Mr. Roosevelt jumped him over the heads of hundreds of others" there is not one particle of foundation.

We suggest that when hereafter Mr. Benson makes a catalogue of the misstatements circulated during this "preparedness campaign" he include this one.

A RAILWAY WAR THREATENED

When, a few days ago, representatives of four hundred thousand railway employees laid before the officers of their respective railways the demands agreed upon in a referendum taken among the employees, there was brought to a critical point what may prove to be one of the most serious industrial contests of our time. It is to be hoped that the matters in dispute between the companies and the men may be adjusted by agreement, compromise, or arbitration. Neither side has as yet refused definitely to adopt such methods. What is important for the

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public at large to note, however, is that there is now no law in existence by which such a settlement may be *enforced.* If either side to this controversy adheres to its view and refuses to arbitrate or compromise, there is no power which can compel arbitration. The logical result of this quarrel, carried to an extreme, is a strike. What such a strike would mean to the country is indicated in the recent resolution of the United States National Chamber of Commerce, which asserts that the ensuing interruption of traffic in the country would be "a National calamity." The Chamber of Commerce goes on to point out that if such a calamity arose "through arbitrary action of either side, without the questions in dispute being submitted to a careful and impartial analysis, it would constitute an act inimical to public welfare and fraught with grave consequences."

The public concern in this controversy is vital and practical. Transportation is at the basis of all commerce and travel; to interfere with the transportation of freight and passengers on the four hundred and fifty-two railways whose men have made demands would be to paralyze business and tie up commerce. The country would not, and could not, tolerate a strike of this magnitude in public utility corporations. If there were an attempt to put it in force, an outbreak of indignation and protest like that which followed the great coal strike in 1902 would compel Governmental action, as it did then.

But if the people of the country are as truly a party to such a controversy as employers and employees, then there should be some way, not merely of encouraging compromise, but of enforcing justice between the claimants. It might be well if the law should prohibit labor strikes on railways or traction lines, in coal mines, or in other cases where the general public interest is directly involved. But if strikes are to be prohibited, it is instantly evident that some means of securing justice and fair dealing between the parties must be established. To deny labor the right to strike, and leave it dependent for fair pay and right working conditions solely on the employers' will, would be unthinkable. A method of arbitration is now provided under a Federal law; but it is not compulsory upon either employers or employees to adopt this method of settlement, nor is it always possible to enforce the decrees of the arbitrators. In Canada and in England limitations are placed on the right of railway employees to strike, and Government arbitration is provided. It is admitted that the provisions of these laws are imperfect and incomplete; yet they have done a great deal to make industrial war difficult—at least on a large scale and where the interests of the public at large are obvious. Although our voluntary system has on the whole worked well heretofore, it has depended too much on the personality of the men in official position, and does not prevent the threat of such a calamitous strike as is now possible. Until this country shall provide an authoritative way of settling great labor disputes, with power for the enforcement of the decrees, we shall always have this danger of a universal railway strike before us.

THE ISSUES INVOLVED

The dispute between the railways and their men in this case is an excellent illustration of the need of scientific arbitration. A layman—that is, one of the general public not connected with the railway industry—is hardly entitled to form an opinion. What the men demand through their four great unions—the Brotherhoods of Locomotive Engineers, Firemen, Conductors, and Trainmen—is the eight-hour day, and for overtime pay "time and a half." The present basis of work and pay is ten hours for a day's work, and pay at the regular rate per hour for overtime. The matter is complicated, because the methods of railway work and wages are complicated. Thus the daily pay for employees in the freight service is based on "one hundred miles or less, ten hours or less." This means, roughly, that the employee does not receive pay for overtime unless he either works over ten hours or travels over a hundred miles in a given day. The men now propose that he should receive pay for overtime if he works over eight hours or travels over a hundred miles. The daily rate of pay is of course classified for the different services (for instance, $2.67 for a freight brakeman per day), and is received entire only if the employee actually works ten hours or travels a hundred miles. The men declare that this is not as much as it sounds; first, because no man works the full number of days, and, secondly, because he is frequently left away from home at the end of his run and must lose time until he can get a train back.

In this controversy the railway companies assert that what the men are really demanding is not a shortening of the hours of labor,

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but what amounts to an increase in pay. The men, on the other hand, stoutly maintain the contrary. In a statement put out by the four chiefs of the men (among whom is Mr. W. S. Stone, the head of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, long recognized as a conservative and reasonable organization) the following declaration is made: "The eight-hour-day movement is based wholly upon the justice of a work-day of reasonable hours that will permit the men further to separate the dead line between work and wages. The railroads say in effect that men who have put in a few years of railroad service have worked themselves out and will not be accepted if they lose their positions. If men are worked out in a few years under present service conditions, as the railroads in effect declare, the demand to extend their wage-earning years is fully justified."

The companies insist that to adopt the eight-hour schedule would mean an enormous increase in pay. One statement says that the added expense would amount to at least one hundred and fifty million dollars. In reply to this, again, the men say that it would be possible for the companies to alter their running schedules, speed, and weight for trains so as to obviate most, if not all, of the additional expense. They assert that the railways have overdone the matter of running excessively heavy, long freight trains at a very slow rate of speed. There is a saving in this method, but it entails, the men say, the very difficulties about rate of pay and hours of labor that have made all the trouble.

We have merely touched the edge of the technical questions involved in this dispute. Probably, as a matter of fact, the men are trying to obtain both higher pay for a given amount of work and fewer hours of work in a given week or month. The tremendous carrying business of the roads at this time, as shown by freight congestion everywhere, has probably suggested to the men that this was a good time for them to obtain some share of the business prosperity which they say the railways are enjoying, although, as a matter of fact, the representatives of the men deny that this is what they are seeking.

Whatever may be the merits of the arguments and statements put forth by the two parties to this controversy, it is quite evident that only a board of industrial and statistical experts can sift the evidence and reach a conclusion fair to both sides. It is therefore right as well as expedient that arbitration should be invoked if the railways and their employees cannot settle their differences by conference. The National Chamber of Commerce has appointed a committee which may aid in bringing about such a result. The situation is by no means hopeless. One way of securing compulsory adjudication of such disputes would be by making it obligatory for the disputants to resort to the present machinery for arbitration. It has even been suggested that, as the Inter-State Commerce Commission has power over railway rates, and as the success of the men in this controversy would probably at once lead to a request by the railways for permission to raise rates, the Inter-State Commerce Commission itself might rightly have power to adjust disputes between railway labor and railway capital. It is certain that industrial or private war must ultimately be prevented by furnishing facilities for arbitration, joined with authority to settle finally the matters in dispute.

THE CASE OF THE BLAKELOCKS

At seventy years of age, Ralph Albert Blakelock is an impoverished inmate of the insane asylum at Middletown, New York.

He has been a great artist. He is a fine example of the landscape painter who is also a poet. His most characteristic pictures, such as the celebrated "Moonlight," just bought by the Toledo gallery, or some of those smaller, quieter, less dramatic, but even more subtly appealing canvases, have profoundly affected art lovers. He is best known probably by the ecstatic but heavy coloring of his romantic landscapes; the lighter and more delicate tracery of his shadowy trees should be better known. For Blakelock has not only interpreted nature in her almost lurid effects—which, let us say in passing, he has accentuated too much by the use of varnish—he has also produced landscapes in more subdued keys, perhaps almost monotones, which produce an even more exquisite sense of harmony.

Until within recent times his art has never been fully appreciated. Now that it is appreciated, now that his canvases are commanding very high prices, there is the dreadful contrast between those prices and the condition of their painter.

He has long been in the insane asylum. With a visionary mind that did not know how to manipulate a possible picture-buyer, he left

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his wife and children with insufficient support. They have been living in dire poverty—indeed, the artist's wife was recently discovered with her youngest son, a boy of sixteen, in a wretched one-room shack at the bottom of a ravine several miles from Catskill, on the Hudson. The lad had been trying to support himself and his mother last winter by cutting ice. For several years Mrs. Blakelock had not been able to pay her car-fare to Middletown to see her husband, and when finally she did go shoes had to be bought for her.

On discovering this pitiful condition, Blakelock's friends resolved to do something for his family. Then they were moved by the news that they might do something for Blakelock himself. Though he probably never can be in a perfectly normal state again, he has still a capacity to enjoy much that normal individuals enjoy; he is still capable of keen judgments upon art. Sundry attempts at art work in the asylum gave to those about him the feeling that perhaps, if he were removed to an atmosphere more suitable to an artist, some inspiration like the old inspiration might come to him. The painters who saw these sketches also felt that if Blakelock were given surroundings where he could work with proper materials and without anxiety, he might again "get into step," and, if his physical health holds out, produce something perhaps as good as in the past. This conviction is emphasized by the fact that many of Blakelock's best works were painted when his mind was clouded. Even suppose it always to remain clouded, if he were taken out of an asylum and were to enjoy again the love of his family and association with other artists, might not the new environment accomplish something worth while, and might not creative energy reassert itself?

THE BLAKELOCK EXHIBITION

Accordingly a benefit exhibition of his paintings was organized, and has now been opened at the Reinhardt Galleries, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City. It comprises forty-three of the painter's finest works, including his two famous "Moonlights." Only one of the pictures is for sale; the others are jealously guarded loans. The exhibition gives to the observer an idea of the different phases of the artist's genius. For the first time the American public is being fully and intimately acquainted with the quality of a very real and distinctive contribution to American art. For the first time in popular opinion the position of a genuine American master of art is being definitely established.

The proceeds of this exhibition—to which the admittance is one dollar—will constitute a fund the income of which is intended to provide for the comfort of the artist and those dependent on him. Thus New York City people and all those who may chance to be in the metropolis at this time have a rare opportunity. Their hearts should beat faster as they pay their admittance to the small exhibition, knowing that they are aiding in a work of material succor and mental redemption. But they will also find within themselves a unique mingling—the happiness which comes from having done something for somebody, and the joy which comes to every connoisseur in the privilege of seeing how a poet-painter has interpreted and poetized landscape.

A small and very choice group of Blakelocks may also be seen at the Knoedler Gallery just across Fifth Avenue from the Reinhardt Gallery—namely, seven landscapes belonging to Mr. H. W. Watrous, himself a well-known artist, a friend and patron of Blakelock when the latter was doing his best work. We are glad to know that the proceeds from the sale of these pictures will augment the Blakelock fund. "Augment" is inadequate. In the present temper of art collectors the main part of the fund may very well come from this source.

Incidentally, we would call attention to the wisdom of that French law which requires from all sales at public auction the setting aside of a small percentage for the benefit of incapacitated artists or the estates of those deceased. Should an artist have no heirs, the portion of the fund that would go to his estate is to be accumulated as a benevolent fund for other artists—such as our own Artists' Aid Society represents. If the Blakelock pictures which have been sold at auction had been subject to such a law, the present case would not require as much private attention as it now does.

THE MILITARY TRAINING CAMPS FOR 1916

The progress of the "Plattsburg Idea" has been one of the most encouraging symptoms that we are awakening in some measure to the military needs of the United States.

In July, 1913, the first training camp under the auspices of the regular army, for

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college and high school students, was held on the field of Gettysburg. In the same year a students' camp was also held at Monterey, California. In 1914 and 1915 similar camps were held in various parts of the country. It was only last year, however, that a corresponding movement was started among the younger professional and business men. This resulted in the Plattsburg training camps for business and professional men, which have been described at length in The Outlook. Last year there was an attendance at the Plattsburg camps of 1,800 men. It is expected, from present indications, that at least 30,000 men will undergo at least one month's training during this summer in a military camp.

The purpose of these camps is defined by the War Department as follows:

> The aim is to give men of average physique four or five weeks a year of intensive military instruction under officers of the regular army, so that at the end of that time men of no previous military experience will at least have learned the rudiments of military organization and discipline and use of the military rifle, and become somewhat familiar with the equipment, feeding, and sanitary care of an army in the field, and the handling and control of men in maneuvers.

What this training accomplishes is summed up in a statement put forward by the Executive Committee of the First Training Regiment Organization, composed of the eighteen hundred men who attended the senior division of the Plattsburg camps in 1915:

> While the patriotic motive must and should be the most powerful consideration to impel men to attend the camps, we can testify to many advantages from the individual standpoint. The out-of-door life and hard exercise, the strict but sensible discipline of the regular army officers, the interesting study of a subject outside of our normal work, the opportunity of associating in a common cause with a vigorous body of men drawn from many different communities and occupations, make the experience both interesting and inspiring. Finally, we venture to state that from this experience comes a stronger patriotism and a more intelligent comprehension of our military situation and our personal obligations to serve our country in time of need.

HOW AND WHERE TO ENROLL

The Plattsburg camps during the coming year will be divided into two divisions, senior and junior. The junior division will be composed of applicants at least eighteen years of age, who are either undergraduates of colleges and universities, graduates in 1916 of colleges and universities, students in public or private schools who have reached a grade equivalent to senior class high school, and graduates of such schools who are under twenty-one years of age.

The senior division is constituted from graduates of colleges and universities under forty-five, or any other citizens over twenty-one and under forty-five who have a good elementary education supplemented by business or professional training. The enrollment in the camps is on an absolutely democratic basis; all that the Government asks is that the candidate be qualified by education or experience to profit by the instruction given. Each applicant is required to provide himself with a uniform and personal equipment which need not cost more than $10. Each applicant must further deposit a sum of money with the camp authorities covering the cost of his food and a small deposit to provide for any damage he may do to Government property.

For the junior division the mess expenses are $22.50; for the senior division they amount to $30. Special railway and steamboat rates have been offered to those desirous of attending the camps. Beyond the expenses of transportation, uniform, and mess, the cost of the encampment is paid by the Government.

The junior camp at Plattsburg is from July 5 to August 8. Additional camps for the junior division will be held if applications warrant. The first senior camp will begin on June 5, and the fifth and last senior camp will close on October 5.

The camps at Plattsburg, New York, are under the control of the Headquarters of the Eastern Department of the United States Army, situated at Governor's Island, New York. Other camps will be held at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia; Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; Salt Lake City, Utah; Monterey, California; American Lake, Washington; and San Antonio, Texas; and for information concerning them inquiries should be directed to the War Department at Washington. Information can also be secured from the Military Training Camps Association, the address of which is 31 Nassau Street, New York City.

We believe that the Plattsburg Camp Idea is one of the most valuable civic and

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educational developments which has taken place in America in many years. We cannot too strongly urge those who are eligible to enroll in these camps to take advantage of the opportunities offered them.

PREPAREDNESS AND THE CHURCHES

There are many who too easily assume that the majority of clergymen are opposed to any campaign for preparedness. The Church Peace Union has helped in this opinion by the distribution throughout the Nation of a protest against what it terms "the policy of preparedness." According to the secretary of the Church Peace Union, the question of preparedness should be approached in the following spirit:

Already the prophetic souls are drawing plans. Leave the question of preparedness to the old men—it is an old man's movement, and is mostly being fostered by old men who live in the old and passive order—and throw in your lot with those who are eager to rear Christ's kingdom in all the world.

Against this attitude a notable group of New York ministers have taken a firm attude of opposition. In a public letter published in the New York "Times," the position of those who dissent from the views of the Church Peace Union is clearly stated:

The Peace Union document is a protest against what it terms the "policy of preparedness"—a phrase of unfortunate ambiguity, which is made to cover some good things and some bad; but the evident net result of it is to befog the issue, to paralyze our Government in its stand for righteousness and ultimate peace.

Whatever may be the intention of its distinguished signers, we feel that, in the present confused state of affairs, the public generally is bound to interpret it as an indication that Christian ministers generally (so far as the signers can speak for them) are opposed in this critical time to real efficiency and military preparedness to uphold our President. For this we, for our part, do not stand; and we know that hosts of Christian ministers are of our mind.

The ministers who have signed this protest against the propaganda of the Church Peace Union quote approvingly a statement made by Mr. Darwin P. Kingsley:

First, we should arm, and arm adequately; not because we believe in that theory of government—we do not; we hate it; nor because we believe in that method of settling international difficulties, but because we must at all hazards protect this home of democracy from the Satanic brood which, driven from heaven, apparently fell in Flanders and Poland. Ex-President Taft's League to Enforce Peace, with its modest suggestion of a modified sovereignty, if achieved, would be worth centuries of European diplomacy. . . . If we arm and say to Europe that we are ready at any time to disarm, ready with them to create an international state, a state in which the central authority shall act directly on the people as our Federal Government does—a state democratically controlled as our Union is—a state in which international questions shall be settled as our inter-State questions are, a state in which war would ultimately become as impossible, as unthinkable, as it now is between Massachusetts and New York. If we do that—aye, if we try to do that—we shall show ourselves, morally at least, to be worthy descendants of the intrepid men who signed the Declaration of 1776, worthy successors of the great democrats who fashioned the charter of our liberties of 1789.

The rôle which these ministers would assign to the United States, that of pacificator rather than pacifist, is one which is in the highest degree compatible with Christianity.

JAMES BURRELL ANGELL

The death of Dr. Angell, President Emeritus of the University of Michigan, removes from the world of American education a commanding figure. Born in 1829, he knew during the course of his lifetime the whole development of the modern American university ideal. All of it he knew, and much of it he was, for the part which he played in the upbuilding of the complex and democratic system of State education made him one of perhaps four men who, as the New York "Evening Post" has well said, did most to influence the progress of university education in the United States. Of these four, President Eliot, of Harvard, and President White, of Cornell, are still living. The fourth in the group was President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins, who died eight years ago, at the age of seventy-seven.

Writing of President Angell in The Outlook some eleven years ago, Dr. John H. Finley, now President of the University of the State of New York and Commissioner of Education, said:

Dr. Angell is, I should say, the democratic ideal realized, as nearly as that may be. Indeed, if I were asked to select some one man in our Republic to-day who best exemplified the aspiration and achievement of the demos, I think I should name President Angell, as, moreover, I should point to what democracy is doing out of her own treasuries for the higher education of

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her children as the best token of her high-mindedness and the surest pledge of her progress to better things.

Surely the system of public education which has grown up in the great State universities of the Middle West is one of the best tokens of the progress of democracy. Dr. Finley quotes Huxley's definition of a national system of education with the foot of its ladder in the gutter and the other end in the university. He then proceeds to sum up President Angell's contribution to this system in the State of Michigan in the following words. His estimate of President Angell's work still holds true:

In Michigan that definition of the word has been realized in fact, only the foot of the ladder is planted in the furrow more often than in the gutter. What President Angell has done has been to make the ladder continuous, to put the lower rung of the college within the reach of every high school graduate in the State, to give him every incentive to climb higher, for the higher education is not to be for the few alone if democracy is to prosper. Its gifts must be, as once the fields of Michigan were, open to the practically free occupancy of those unsatisfied with their narrow ancestral lot or sterile hillside, as fenceless territory in which men may acquire property in the world's experience and accumulated truth. President Angell in his policy has made it the function of the university to keep the way open to those fields, to make the college, and even the graduate and professional school, an organic part of the State educational system, in vital relation with every other part.

Dr. Angell's contribution to American education constituted the vital part, but still only a part, of his service to the country. It is well to remember that he found time and ability to serve with distinction as United States Minister to China (acting as commissioner in the negotiations of important treaties with that country), that he was a member of the Anglo-American International Commission on Canadian Fisheries, and Chairman of the American-Canadian Commission on Deep Waterways from the Lakes to the Sea.

THE CHINESE RISING

On the announcement from Peking that "the people of China" had voted to change the form of government from a republic to a monarchy, and that President Yuan Shi-kai expected to become Emperor, a rising broke out in the Province of Yunnan. Southern China has always been a hotbed of republicanism; and when, through the initiative of this part of China, republicanism triumphed throughout the Empire, it was but natural that the resentment felt in South China on the announcement of a retransformation should be instant and wide. According to the despatches, six other southern provinces followed Yunnan's lead.

The result has been the overrunning of much territory and the occupancy of important cities by the "rebel" army. Its leader, Tsai Ao, recently Military Governor of Yunnan, is a Japanese trained soldier and has been successful in handling men. Though his army was recently checked in its northward march into the Province of Szechuan, it had become strong enough to put redoubtable force behind its drastic demand that the Republic should be continued, and, in particular, that Yuan Shi-kai renounce his Imperial ambition.

The news at hand indicates further success for the "rebels." In the first place, they have captured the important port of Swatow, in the Province of Kwangtung. The United States gunboat Wilmington is in the port and is protecting foreign interests there. In the second place, repeated and undenied reports state that Yuan Shi-kai has publicly proclaimed his renunciation of the Imperial dignity. But that means not at all, we are sure, any total abandonment of the idea.

MISSIONARY ECONOMIC INFLUENCE IN CHINA

The missionary in China is puzzled by various problems. One of them is the poverty of many of the people. The missionary discovers that he must help them, not only religiously and educationally, but also economically. And he has done so.

A writer in a recent number of the Shanghai "National Review" reports conditions in the Province of Shantung. The late Rev. C. R. Mills, of Tengchaufu, proved himself a great economic benefactor to the people there, for he introduced the foreign peanut. In the eastern part of the province it has now entirely displaced the native peanut, and is being rapidly introduced in the western part. Not only is the yield of the foreign plant much heavier than that of the native, but, being larger in size, the nut is more easily harvested, and it is also more easily and rapidly shelled than the old peanut.

Another man gratefully remembered, says the "National Review," is Mr. G. E. Baker, of the English Baptist Mission of Tsingchaufu.

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Mr. Baker introduced potatoes. What is more, he secured a market for them. The acreage devoted to potatoes has increased from year to year until potatoes were shipped by car-load to the seacoast.

The late Rev. Dr. Nevius, the well-known missionary, also rendered the Chinese a lasting economic service by the introduction of foreign varieties of fruit, of which the pear and apple are being successfully raised; and, though neither is as good now as were the originals, they are still a vast improvement over native fruit.

But one of the most valuable economic services rendered by any missionary was the work of a woman, Mrs. Samuel Pouling, a member of the English Baptist Mission. She taught the Chinese women how to make lace, and, like Mr. Baker, also found a market for the product. The lace now commands high prices in England. The industry has grown very rapidly, and has become a large and well-organized business. It furnishes employment to no less than two thousand women in one county alone.

Needlework industries have also been started by women missionaries. They furnish suitable designs, teach the Chinese women to copy such designs, and then try to dispose of the finished product.

Another line of closely related endeavor is found in the establishment by missionaries of industrial schools covering such forms of industry as blacksmithry, masonry, bricklaying, carpentry, canning, and printing.

There is thus more than one reason why Christianity is no longer despised in China; indeed, why it is, as the "National Review" adds, not without humor, "distinctly popular."

RUINING WASHINGTON

The Outlook has already chronicled the project to establish a Government power plant, with smoke-stacks, near the center of the Washington Park System, which consists of the Mall, leading from the Capitol to Arlington, Riverside Park, and East Potomac Park. Two façades of this factory type of building have been planned to face the Park. The accompanying smoke-stacks would be most conspicuous and unsightly, destroying many attractive views of the Washington Monument and the Capitol. The power plant will also be prominent in views from the White House, the Lincoln Memorial, and other important points, and it will be ugly and dominant in views across the Potomac, from both the Virginia and the Maryland sides. Finally, it will block the Park end of the proposed River Boulevard.

The National Commission of Fine Arts, composed of unpaid impartial experts, has condemned the project, including both the site and the design of the building. In a statement just issued the Commission declares that the United States has an asset of approximately a hundred million dollars in the parks, buildings, and memorials in the Washington Park System.

The proposed power plant would depreciate the value of the asset which the Nation has been more than a hundred years in acquiring. This depreciation is the more outrageous since the site, as selected by the Treasury Department, is by no means necessary to the success of the plant. Experts have proved that it can be erected on an unobjectionable site for actually less money, and where the maintenance also would be less.

The proposition should be especially resented, as the Commission's statement adds, by all who venerate the names of Washington and Lincoln; for the Nation has erected fitting memorials to these men in the Washington Park System; the new plant would clash with them and seriously mar their beauty.

All æsthetic, scientific, social, patriotic, and other societies should telegraph or write to their Senators or Representatives protesting against the project and urging that the whole matter be reconsidered, both on its economical and its artistic side.

CANADA AND THE LIQUOR QUESTION

Canada in its war-time handling of the liquor business is resorting to much more sweeping measures than have so far been adopted in England. For Canada one result of the war promises to be that by the spring of 1917 the whole of the Dominion, with the exception of the Province of Quebec, will be under prohibition. Prince Edward Island was the only province with a prohibitory law when the war began; but since Canada has been at war every province except Quebec has taken steps to follow the example of the island province; and at Ottawa a law has been passed to supplement the prohibition enactments of the provincial legislatures.

Manitoba was the first province to enact

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a prohibition law as a war measure. The demand in Manitoba for prohibition was not more widespread or more vocal than in Ontario or Alberta; but in Manitoba in 1915 there was a general election, and at this election the advocates of prohibition were able to make their demands on the candidates for the provincial Legislature. The election brought about an overturn in Manitoba politics. The Liberals, who had been in opposition since 1890, were returned to power, with nearly all their members committed by their election pledges to prohibition. The law was passed with little opposition. It was referred to the voters on March 13, when it was indorsed by a majority of two to one.

Between the enactment of the law and the referendum on March 13 other provinces east and west of the Great Lakes had taken action, and bills modeled on the Manitoba act are soon to be voted on by the electors in Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia. If Manitoba results are any guide, all these bills will receive the popular indorsement, so that by the end of the year it is extremely probable that prohibition will have been adopted in all the four provinces west of the Great Lakes.

In Ontario the Government is not waiting for a referendum. A prohibition law is to go into force as soon as due notice has been given to the liquor dealers, and at the end of the war there is to be a plebiscite of the electorate to determine whether the liquor business shall be resumed. At the winter session of the Quebec Legislature there was no legislation on the liquor question. The French province has a local option law, under the provisions of which 975 of the 1,158 municipalities are already dry; and a much stricter enforcement of local option will now be possible as a result of the new Dominion law which, under heavy penalties, forbids the shipment of liquor into provinces with prohibition laws or into local option areas.

New Brunswick adjoins Quebec. Before the war many counties in that province were under prohibition, and at the winter session of the Legislature a law was passed making prohibition uniform all over the province. In Nova Scotia there was also a prohibitory law that covered the whole province except the city of Halifax, and a bill has been carried through the Nova Scotia Legislature referring to the electors of Halifax an amendment which will bring the city under the provisions of the law.

ROOT, ROOSEVELT, AND REUNION

When Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Root, after several years of estrangement, recently sat down together at luncheon at the house of Mr. Robert Bacon in New York City, small-minded politicians were filled with something like consternation. There are some men who can see in the political events about them nothing but the pull and haul of personal interests. They have the point of view of the gossip. They can imagine no better explanation of an act of President Wilson's than that he wants to be re-elected. They speculate over the question whether Justice Hughes wants to be President more than he wants to remain Judge, or whether he wants to remain Judge more than he wants to become President. They interpret the events of 1912 that resulted in the contest in the Republican Convention in Chicago and the founding of the Progressive party as a personal petty feud between political leaders. They cannot understand how there can be an end to that state of disruption except on the basis of personal surrender or on the basis of a personal bargain. Like those of old whom the greatest leader of all time called fools and blind, they cannot discern the signs of the times. So when Mr. Root and Mr. Roosevelt meet and sit down together they argue that Mr. Roosevelt must be making arrangements to help nominate Mr. Root for the Presidency, or that Mr. Root must be making arrangements to help nominate Mr. Roosevelt for the Presidency, and they wonder what terms were made and what Mr. Root demanded for helping Mr. Roosevelt or what Mr. Roosevelt demanded for helping Mr. Root.

Let us leave these gossips to their stratagems and spoils, and let us turn to consider, not the petty, but the great political forces which have been operating in this country from the beginning and are molding the events of to-day.

Throughout the history of the United States there have been two great tendencies in the public life of the people. One, the love of freedom, typified by Jefferson; the other, the love of order, typified by Washington and Hamilton. The two tendencies have been summarized in Webster's famous peroration by the words "Liberty and Union."

Most of our political history has been the history of the adjustment of these two tend-

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encies, the story of the struggle to build up a Nation, strong, powerful, conscious of its own unity, without loss of that individual liberty that has been in other times and places sacrificed to national strength and efficiency.

To the one ideal of individual, local, and State liberty has the Democratic party been so singly devoted that at one period of its history it became almost, if not quite, identified with a policy of disunion. To the other idea of nationality the Republican party in due course became heir. It was most natural that after the Civil War and before and after the Spanish War, when the country was expanding and needed the exercise of National strength, the people should have intrusted the Government to the Republican party, and should have kept it almost continuously in power. But power long exercised leads to abuse, unless those who exercise it are not only patriotic but statesmanlike.

As there have been in the Democratic party men who were so devoted to liberty that they distrusted the Union, so there were in the Republican party men so devoted to the exercise of National power that they distrusted the liberty and competency of the people. As it was distrust of the Nation that brought disaster to the Democratic party in 1861, so it was distrust of the people that brought disaster to the Republican party in 1912. In contrast to Lincoln's "Government of the people, by the people, and for the people," Mr. Taft advocated "Government of the people, for the people, by a representative part of the people." Against that doctrine so enunciated in theory, and put into practice by the powerful organization leaders, the members of the Republican party themselves revolted. The formation of the Progressive party was not the emergence of a new party advocating a new and different fundamental policy from that of the Republican party; it was rather the assertion of the right of the members of that party to rule the party. It was the outcome of a struggle for the control of the party between a minority and the majority. The elections proved that. During that struggle, however, there was no thought that both branches of the Republican party would survive. The Progressive as well as the Republican party stood for the principle of Nationalism. In that struggle that fundamental principle was not at stake. It was a struggle, not between two political policies, but between two conceptions of political morals. It was not really a struggle between two parties, but between two forces within the one party.

That struggle has been fought out and in essence settled. The lesson has been learned. Those, on the one side, who thought that the occasion offered a chance for them to put into effect their own peculiar and radical ideas—which their opponents termed vagaries—have learned their lesson. And, on the other side, those who thought that the occasion offered a chance for exercising power in spite of the expressed will of the people have learned their lesson. It was inevitable that, with those lessons learned, there should rise again a single party devoted to the ideal of a strong, self-confident, united Nation.

Whether, in ordinary course, the reunion would have occurred this year it is impossible to tell. But events have not taken an ordinary course, but a quite extraordinary course. Once more, as in other crises in our country's history, the dignity, the power, the obligations, and the very unity of the Nation have been threatened.

The dignity of the United States has been flouted by anarchy in Mexico.

The power of the United States to protect its citizens has been defied through the massacre of Americans by Germany.

The obligation of the United States to protect self-respecting neutral nations has been disregarded in the failure of the Government to protest against the invasion of Belgium.

The very unity of the United States has been imperiled by the course of those German-Americans who have attempted to influence the American Government in the interest of a foreign empire—Germany.

And while all this has happened, not only has the Nation remained unprepared, but efforts for real preparedness have been hindered and opposed by men in authority.

The party in power at this time has been the party that throughout its long history has withstood centralization and strong Nationality.

There could be but one result. Believers in Nationalism were bound to come together. There was no other way. The very foundation of the party of Nationalism—of which the Republican and Progressive parties were but two branches—was being undermined. The issue which had divided them is no longer

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a living issue. The real issue is the one that unites them—the issue of a strong, self-conscious Nationality. It is, in a new form, the old issue of the Revolutionary days and of the Civil War—the issue of disunion against union. In times like these such men as Mr. Root, Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Lodge, and Mr. Bacon cannot remain apart. And their meeting is but the symptom, the signal, of the reunion of all those in America who believe, not only that the United States is a Nation, but that it must have the power and exercise the prerogatives of one of the great and humane nations of the earth.

THE LEAGUE TO ENFORCE PEACE

Is there a common ground upon which pacifists and military preparationists can meet and work together for the best National and international interests of the United States? Without hesitation we answer, Yes. Such a common meeting-place is found in the platform of the League to Enforce Peace, the American branch of which, under the leadership of ex-President Taft, was organized in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, on June 17 of last year, the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill.

The purposes of the League are stated in the following proposals:

We believe it to be desirable for the United States to join a league of nations binding the signatories to the following:

First, all justiciable questions arising between the signatory powers, not settled by negotiation, shall, subject to the limitations of treaties, be submitted to a judicial tribunal for hearing and judgment, both upon the merits and upon any issue as to its jurisdiction of the question.

Second, all other questions arising between the signatories, and not settled by negotiation, shall be submitted to a council of conciliation for hearing, consideration, and recommendation.

Third, the signatory powers shall jointly use forthwith both their economic and military forces against any one of their number that goes to war, or commits acts of hostility against another of the signatories, before any question arising shall be submitted as provided in the foregoing.

Fourth, conferences between the signatory powers shall be held from time to time to formulate and codify rules of international law, which, unless some signatory shall signify its dissent within a stated period, shall thereafter govern in the decisions of the judicial tribunal mentioned in Article One.

It is not surprising that there is some misapprehension as to the object of this peace organization. It is not a stop-the-war movement, nor do its sponsors oppose military preparedness nor advocate peace at any price. The third of the proposals printed above clearly indicates that the members of the League to Enforce Peace believe in the employment of a proper military force in international disputes and are unalterably opposed to peace which comes from slavery or the abrogation of human rights.

The title of the organization which Mr. Taft heads may be read with varying emphasis by its different groups of supporters without in the least jeopardizing the general end which it aims to accomplish. The pacifist can read it, "The League to Enforce PEACE;" the preparationist can read it, "The League to ENFORCE Peace;" and the internationalist, who thinks that all national movements spring from that kind of patriotism which Dr. Johnson defined as "the last refuge of a scoundrel," can read it, "THE WORLD LEAGUE to Enforce Peace."

Several criticisms regarding the League have been expressed by those who sincerely believe that it is an impractical movement. The first is that now is not the appropriate time to enter upon a national or international propaganda to promote the objects of the League to Enforce Peace; that civilization is being consumed by a great world conflagration; that the people of Europe are engaged to the exclusion of every other thought in putting that conflagration out; and that the people of the United States should think of nothing at the present moment except the means by which they can best prevent that conflagration from spreading to their own roofs and homes.

It is quite true that the first duty of man to-day is to prevent the world conflagration from spreading and to use every endeavor to put it out in the place where it is now raging. But it has already destroyed international relationships, and we submit that now is exactly the time to consider and discuss what kind of international relationships shall be reared upon the ruins. A great railway bridge collapses and engulfs a passenger train. The first duty of the officers of the railway and of the bystanders is to assuage the suffering and save the lives of the passengers overwhelmed in the wreck. But there is a concurrent duty.

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The engineering force of the railway should begin, while the officials and the wrecking crew are actually in the midst of their work, to draw the plans and design the structure of a new and better bridge, for without such a bridge the daily work of the railway cannot go on. It is in exact accordance with the modern principles of efficiency for the factory owner to discuss with his architect the general scheme of the new mill even while the old mill is burning. There can be no more appropriate time, it seems to us, than the immediate present for intelligent men to get together and consider what can be done to save the world in the future from a calamity like the European war.

A second objection that has been advanced is that even if the League were created it could not stand the strain of a conflict like that into which Europe is plunged at the present time. On the contrary, we think the very genesis and progress of the European war substantiates the belief that if an effective international league of peace could have been created at the close of the Franco-Prussian War and developed during the last forty years there would have been no European war to-day. Let us suppose that such a league had existed in the summer of 1914 and that its active members were Russia, the Scandinavian countries, Germany, Great Britain, France, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, the United States, and the great South American republics. Suppose that league had said that the questions arising from the assassination by a Servian in a Bosnian city of an Austrian archduke must be submitted to the international judicial tribunal, and if Austria refused to do so and proceeded to the attack, Servia, England, Italy, Russia, France, Belgium, Switzerland, the United States, and the South American republics had said they would stop her by their combined naval and military power, does any one suppose that the Teutonic allies would have proceeded with the war? We do not wish to be understood as saying that the war could have been avoided. We think probably it was inevitable. But just as the American Revolution produced a league of the thirteen colonies, which has grown into one of the greatest federations of the world, so, we believe, the European war may conceivably produce a league, of which the Entente Allies are the nucleus, that may grow into a world-wide compact.

A third objection is that, while the conception of a World League to Enforce Peace is a beautiful ideal, it is impractical in this mundane sphere and among mortals with all the ambitions and selfishness to which man has been the heir from time immemorial. We reply that no great national movement, even in the sphere of politics, has ever been put into successful practice unless it was based upon an ideal. To go no further afield than our own political history, it may be pointed out that the American Revolution and the formation of the American Republic sprang, in the first instance, from a small group of men who had a great ideal and who were at first laughed to scorn for their impracticality. British statesmen, with a few exceptions typified by Burke and Fox, believed that it was intolerable folly to suppose that the thirteen small colonies could be federated into a single political union. It was not—at first at least—so much the rebelliousness of the American colonists that so enraged King George and Lord North as it was what they believed to be the childish and foolish idealism and dreaming of the colonists. The second great crisis in our history, the Civil War, which finally renewed and strengthened the Union established by the Revolution, sprang from the idealistic vision of a world from which individual slavery should be abolished. Except as stimulation to thought, ideals are valuable only in proportion to the success with which they are put into practice. We admit that the value of the League to Enforce Peace depends largely upon the success with which its practical details are worked out, and yet we believe that it is the very idealism of the movement which is the mainspring of its vitality.

The ideal of Washington was the abolition of monarchical autocracy on this continent—visionary in the extreme for its time, but finally made a practical success.

The ideal of Lincoln was the abolition of the enslavement of the individual by force—visionary in the extreme to many of the best men and women of the period, but it was made a practical success.

The ideal of the League to Enforce Peace is the abolition of the enslavement of nations by force—a visionary scheme to those who believe that the principle of national sovereignty (that is to say, the right of the individual nation to do what it likes) is immutable. The Outlook, for one, however, believes that history shows that it is a vision that can be realized in actual, political, international life.

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DID CHRIST CONDEMN THE USE OF FORCE?

From a correspondent's letter we make the following extract:

It has been stated, in support of armed intervention, that Christ overturned the tables of the money-changers and drove them from the temple; but, as he was single-handed and unarmed, this argument does not hold, for the force that he employed on this occasion, as always, was purely moral force, so the risk was to him alone. And that sort of argument, it seems to me, is what has confused the writer of your editorial, for it mistakes physical for moral force, and proceeds to argue therefrom that Christ, who was indeed moral force incarnate, having used moral force, would have sanctioned physical force under certain hypothetical circumstances.

During President Buchanan's Administration bands of border ruffians from Missouri made incursions into Kansas for the purpose of overawing the "Free-Soilers" from the East who had made Kansas their home. Henry Ward Beecher took up collections to supply the settlers with Sharp's rifles to resist these raiders with the only kind of arguments they could understand. Called to account for so doing by pacifists of his day who cared more for peace than they did for liberty, and who took the ground which our correspondent takes, that Christ condemned all use of physical force in the resistance of evil, he made reply as follows:

The New Testament declares that malign revenge or hatred is not to be felt toward an enemy. We do not think it touches at all the question of what kind of instruments men may employ. It simply teaches what is the state of mind which is to direct either kind of instrument, moral or physical. If we reason and argue, love, not malignity, is to animate us. If we are in extremities and defend our lives with weapons, it is not to be in hatred, but calmly, deliberately, and with Christian firmness. We know that there are those who will scoff at the idea of holding a sword or a rifle in a Christian state of mind. I think it just as easy as to hold an argument in a Christian state of mind. The right to use physical force we regard as a very important one. We do not see how it may be right to use a little but wrong to use a great deal of force, when self-defense is the end, and when the feelings are not malignant, but simply a calm, conscientious standing for right.

We agree with Mr. Beecher. We think there is nothing in either the teaching or the example of Christ to justify the doctrine that he condemned all use of physical force. His teaching concerned, not the instruments employed, but the spirit which employs them. The wounds inflicted by tongues are often more dangerous than those inflicted by fists.

WHAT LENT IS FOR

Before he began his public work the Man who was in all points tempted like as we are, and yet overcame his temptation as we do not, spent forty days in solitude. In imitation of him, Christendom is now observing the forty days of Lent. This is largely a formal imitation—a ceremonial self-denial. His was not a ceremonial act, but a process of self-discipline. It followed two lines of conduct—resistance to that which would impede his powers and his purpose in the world, and the exercise of his powers to gain strength for his work. That only is a real imitation of him which is along the same lines.

These two elements in self-discipline have been clearly expressed by Paul. And he has also supplied us the words by which they may be designated. Confronting his accusers before the Roman governor, Paul said: "I exercise myself to have a conscience void of offense toward God and men alway." His word for "exercise" is the Greek verb from which is derived our word "ascetic." To Timothy he wrote: "Exercise thyself unto godliness." Here his word for "exercise" is the Greek verb which gives us the adjective "gymnastic." There are, then, these two forms of self-discipline—ascetic self-discipline and gymnastic self-discipline.

The popular idea of an ascetic is of one who denies himself the common indulgences of daily life. These small abstinences are a rather thin imitation of the forty days' fasting in the desert. The real ascetic is of a higher type. He is to be compared to the man who goes to Plattsburg or some other such military training camp. As a man at such a camp abstains from those things which make him soft and which pull down his powers of resistance and thereby rids himself of impediments to physical health and stamina, so the man who engages in this form of self-discipline, which Paul calls ascetic, abstains from hindrances to spiritual life—from the resentment, the grudges, the passions, the prejudices that spoil good will, and also from the selfish love of ease and convenience that blinds many of the well-to-do to wrongs done

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to their fellows who are ill-to-do. The right observance of Lent means a purging of one's self from such evils, and thus releasing the development of those human instincts in one that will give a sense of comradeship with other people.

But there is also that other element in self-discipline which Paul speaks of as gymnastic, or what we should nowadays be more inclined to call athletic. And this is what the world expects of people who are called Christians. It expects them to be robust and red-blooded. It expects them to be ready and anxious to grapple with evils that afflict the community; with the abominations that flourish in Christendom and disgrace our country in the eyes of Oriental nations; with the aggressiveness and brutality of a pagan despotism, whether it masquerades as Christian or not, which tramples on small peoples and seeks world dominion. Christianity is not something soft and flabby. The soldierly, virile note of Christianity is sounded in the favorite hymns of the Church: "Onward, Christian Soldiers," "The Son of God Goes Forth to War," "A Safe Stronghold," "Soldiers of Christ, Arise," "Who Is on the Lord's Side?" and that splendid marching hymn, "Oft in Danger, Oft in Woe," with its vigorous stanza:

"Onward, Christian, onward go!
Join the war, and face the foe;
Will you flee in danger's hour?
Know you not your Captain's power?"

Among those who sing these hymns there are some who are serving well in the ranks. There are philanthropists, reformers, missionaries, public-spirited citizens, who are taking their part in the winning fight with persistent evil. But of the thirty millions who are recognized members in the churches of this country, Protestant and Catholic, these people of militant spirit and practice are but a fraction. If they had all taken their part in the warfare against evils, local, National, and international, there would be a closer approximation than there is to-day to real peace on earth.

He "who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil," was constantly active for man's earthly welfare. This is the proper business of all who bear his name; and for those of them who are neither efficient nor valiant in doing this there is due small respect. Wherever there is wretchedness and misery within the Nation or aggressive wrong without the Nation there is evidence of the need of new vigor and the spirit of the fighter in those who profess and call themselves Christians.

It is this spirit, developed through the exercise of a self-denying and athletic discipline, that this season of Lent should stimulate.

A FOOT-NOTE OF HISTORY

In The Outlook for March 29 we reported the attempt of ex-Governor Glynn, of New York State, and many of the anti-Roosevelt newspapers and periodicals, to show that Mr. Roosevelt in the autumn of 1914 took exactly the position with regard to the invasion of Belgium which he is now severely criticising President Wilson for having taken. This attempt to saddle upon Mr. Roosevelt an approval of Mr. Wilson's policy of neutrality of heart and action was based by ex-Governor Glynn and his newspaper sympathizers upon a perverted quotation of an article by Mr. Roosevelt which appeared in The Outlook. The Kansas City "Star," a recognized leader of public opinion in the Mississippi Valley, corroborates The Outlook in its view of the episode. We agree with the "Star" that "the matter is of no great importance, for only a small man takes pride in never changing his views;" but since the critics of Mr. Roosevelt and of The Outlook are endeavoring by constant repetition and wide publication to make it a matter of great importance, we have thought it well to give the exact facts to our readers as a matter of current political history. For the same reason we take pleasure in reprinting herewith the editorial entitled "A Foot-Note of History" from the Kansas City "Star" of March 31, 1916.—THE EDITORS.

NOTHING gives certain gentlemen more pleasure than to feel that they have "got something on Roosevelt." The latest instance was the discovery by ex-Governor Glynn, of New York, of an article by Colonel Roosevelt in The Outlook for September 23, 1914, on "The World War: Its Tragedies and Its Lessons." Mr. Glynn, followed by the anti-Roosevelt periodicals, called attention to sentences in the article which seemed to indicate that at that time the Colonel was not thinking of protesting against the violation of Belgian neutrality. The inference was that he changed his views later, and so

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had been criticising the President for holding the same views that he himself had held in September, 1914.

The matter is of no great importance, for only a small man takes pride in never changing his views. But it happens the evidence in this case is against Mr. Glynn. In the current issue of The Outlook Mr. Lawrence F. Abbott, one of its editors, points out that the Glynn quotations from the Roosevelt article omit some important qualifying phrases. These phrases make it evident that Colonel Roosevelt was carefully refraining from expressing his opinion on the duty of the United States in the Belgian matter.

In addition, Mr. Abbott adds his personal testimony that at the time the article was written Colonel Roosevelt had repeatedly expressed the same views in private conversations in the Outlook office that he has been expressing publicly in recent months. But he had refrained at that time from publishing them, so as not to seem to be criticising President Wilson without giving the President time to act.

The "Star" can add confirmatory evidence. Colonel Roosevelt spoke in Kansas City, Kansas, on September 21, 1914. To at least one member of the "Star's" staff at that time he expressed forcibly his views regarding the duty of the United States toward Belgium, and added that he did not know how much longer he was going to be able to keep from speaking out on this subject. A few weeks later he made his first public declaration in criticism of the Administration's attitude.

"LA BATAILLE" AND THE OUTLOOK

IN its issue of February 17, 1916, "La Bataille," the syndicalist Paris daily, published a translation of the article which appeared in The Outlook of January 26, 1916, on Liebknecht, Kautsky, and Bernstein. The French paper justly said that these were "the three German Socialists best authorized to express opinions on the general situation in Germany and on the attitude of German workmen in the world conflict."

In its issue of March 2 "La Bataille" states that it has learned that Bernstein and Kautsky published in the Berlin "Vorwärts" of February 27 a strong protest, categorically denying the affirmations of The Outlook's representative, as follows:

> We have never seen The Outlook's representative and have expressed ourselves in such terms to no one, for we have been made to say the contrary to what seems to us just and necessary to say.

We have searched our file of "Vorwärts," and especially the issue of February 27, without discovering the above denial. Again in its issue of March 12 "La Bataille" quotes the Brunswick Socialist organ, "Volksfreund," as printing the following letter, dated February 27, from Dr. Liebknecht:

> I have never been interviewed by a representative of The Outlook. My opinions are known and are decided opinions. That which The Outlook's correspondent makes me to say is contrary to these opinions and—on certain points—to the facts.

"La Bataille" is mystified. In its issues of March 2 and 12 it discusses editorially the controversy between The Outlook and the three German Socialists. From these editorials we translate and combine the following paragraphs which give a fair representation of the not unnatural mystification of "La Bataille:"

> The Outlook of New York has a reputation for accuracy. As an indication of this we need only to remind our readers of the interview it obtained and published with Sazonoff [the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs]. That interview has received the seal of approval from the most competent critics. Moreover, the opinions which Liebknecht, Kautsky, and Bernstein expressed, according to the anonymous correspondent of The Outlook, are so plausible and reasonable, according to our view, *that they form the only explanation which can serve as an excuse for the conduct of the German Socialists* [the italics are "La Bataille's"]. . . . We propose to send the present issue of "La Bataille" to the Editors of The Outlook, inviting them by letter to give us the reply of their correspondent [to the alleged denial of Dr. Liebknecht and his colleagues]. . . . When we have received a reply from New York, we shall be able to tell our readers whether the correspondent of The Outlook has indulged in a hoax, or whether there is some misunderstanding regarding the meaning of the word interview.

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. . . We published the three interviews because they seemed to us to exactly coincide with the actual facts. Investigation confirms us in our belief that in several respects the language attributed to Karl Liebknecht by the American journalist corresponds, word for word, with statements which we have read in other places from the pen of Liebknecht himself. . . . We cannot at present regard as satisfactory the meager statement of Karl Liebknecht that The Outlook interview is contrary to his opinions and—on certain points—to the facts.

These denials of the three German Socialists raise issues far more interesting than that of veracity. The issue of veracity, however, we are ready to meet. The Outlook stands squarely behind the correspondent responsible for its account of the interview with the three German Socialists.

From this correspondent we have received the following statement:

"The interview with Liebknecht, Kautsky, and Bernstein, published in your issue of January 26, 1916, took place as described. Liebknecht I saw in the private office in which he does his work as a member of the Reichstag. Kautsky and Bernstein I interviewed in a private apartment-house in Berlin. The gentlemen have a right to change their minds, and, of course, they may say that the interviews misrepresent them. At the time I wrote the article I believed, and I still believe, that it is an accurate account of what took place."

The Outlook withheld the name of its correspondent for two good and sufficient reasons: The first had reference to the welfare of the three Socialists interviewed; the second cannot be explained until after the termination of the war. It should be said here that the interviews were not published in The Outlook until Dr. Liebknecht's reported utterances in the Reichstag went so far beyond those given in the text of our interview with him that we felt that its publication would not in any way jeopardize his safety. That we did not overestimate the possibility of personal danger to Dr. Liebknecht arising from the publication of his views may be judged by the remarks which Dr. Liebknecht himself made to an American university professor of high standing. We reported these remarks as follows in our issue of March 29:

Dr. Liebknecht said that the position which he had taken in opposition to Germany's action had put him in personal danger, so much so that it was not beyond the bounds of possibility that he might at any time disappear and never be heard of again. As he said this he significantly drew his hand across his neck, and then added that the fortunes of an individual were of no consequence.

The more interesting issues raised by the denials of Liebknecht, Kautsky, and Bernstein are clearly indicated by the following quotation from "La Bataille:"

One thing is certain: German Socialists of the Opposition have not taken into account the interest with which the entire world awaits what they decide to say frankly and without reservation on questions of principle and tactics, and they should not leave their comrades in other countries in doubt as to their attitude regarding the German Government and the Social Democratic majority.

Although the German Socialists failed to make themselves felt on August 1, 1914, is it still "just and necessary" (to use the words attributed to Kautsky and Bernstein by "La Bataille") that their leaders fail to express themselves frankly until the end of the war? Is it "just and necessary" for their leaders to say one thing in their studies and another thing in their despatches relayed to us by the Wolff Telegraphic Bureau?

Is it "just and necessary" that they allow themselves to be pictured as loyal supporters of the Government, or, at worst, as harmless members of a purely vocal Opposition? Is it "just and necessary" for them to dodge what "La Bataille" indicates is the world-wide interest in their attitude regarding the German Government and the Social Democratic majority?

The Outlook agrees with "La Bataille" that the next word on these subjects belongs to Kautsky, Bernstein, and Liebknecht, and wishes that it might have a frank, direct, and uncensored expression of their views. We content ourselves with adding that our correspondent, whose interviews with the three influential German Socialists have become the subject of an international discussion, is a highly educated and thoroughly trustworthy American who has lived in Europe and is in sincere sympathy with international Socialism. It is true that Dr. Liebknecht and his colleagues did not know that the interview was to appear in The Outlook, nor did our correspondent represent himself as connected in any way with The Outlook. But that does not affect the authenticity of the interviews, and we still insist that the three Socialists uttered the opinions ascribed to them in these pages.

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Nelson Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle

UNPREPAREDNESS

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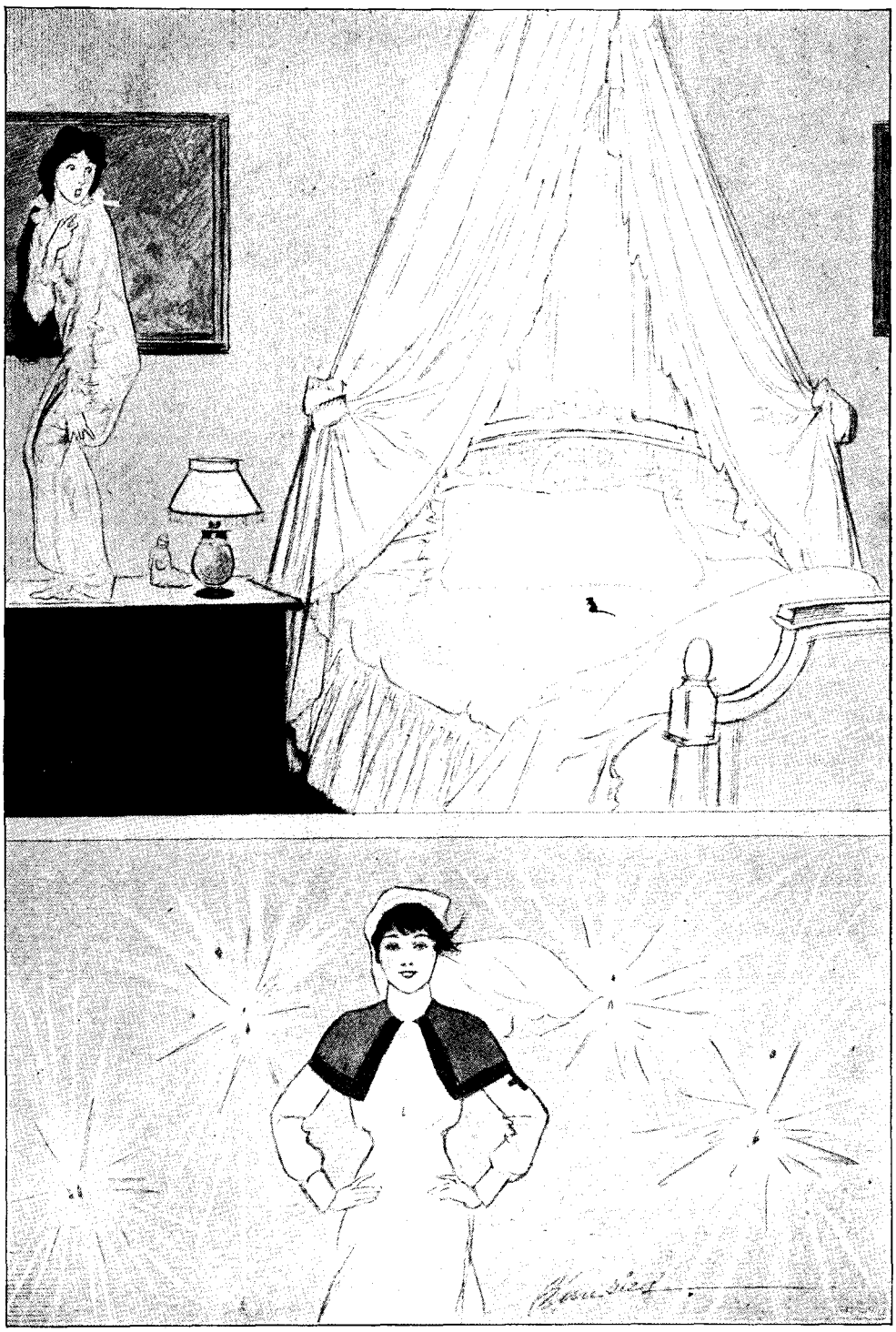
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

E. Blampied in the London Sketch



WONDERFUL WOMAN

She used to scream at the sight of a mouse; now she faces shell-fire with a smile

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THE NATIONS AT WAR

I—WHAT AN ENGLISHMAN THINKS OF THE FRENCH

BY HERBERT WARD

The author of the following article has had an interesting life. When he was fifteen years old, he began his travels, and during his wanderings in New Zealand, Australia, and Borneo experienced many ups and downs. But these vicissitudes only whetted his appetite and led him to Central Africa, where he passed the five most impressionable years of his life. He says in his preface to "A Voice from the Congo:"

"It was no high motive which took me to Africa. I went there simply and solely to gratify my love of adventure. . . . I took to the Africans from the first. I was young, full of life and high spirits, and regarded every one I met as a friend. My confidence was sometimes checked but never shaken. With youthful exuberance of spirits I fraternized with every one I met, and I soon found that there was a fund of good humor in the African's composition. There was a good side to even the most villainous-looking savage, and I generally found it.

"In this free and easy way I entered into the lives of the natives. My sympathy, which was with them at the commencement, ripened with time. They appealed strongly to me by reason of their simplicity and directness, their lack of scheming or plotting, and by the spontaneity of everything they did. Hence my efforts to learn their language in order that I might know them better.

"Commencing in this casual manner, I found myself gradually drawn into serious reflections, and I became imbued with a profound sympathy for African human nature."

From his earliest years Herbert Ward showed his love of art. His boyish recollections have to do with drawing and painting. In his travels he sketched, and then began to express his ideas in sculpture. The result is that he has put into bronze the soul of the African natives—a race long persecuted, a race of another color and often incomprehensible to us.

On another page there is an illustration of his latest achievement in representing the African native. The French title is "Détresse"—most inadequately translated by our English "Distress," for the whole pose of the heroic naked figure is suggestive of despair, misery, and shame.

When in Africa, Mr. Ward heard of Stanley's arrival, and, knowing that he needed men to carry loads, collected some four hundred men and joined him on his upward journey, as we may read in "My Life with Stanley's Rear Guard" and "Five Years with the Congo Cannibals."

Returning to Europe, Mr. Ward began his work as a sculptor in London. He found that art life there, however, was governed too much by convention. He felt hampered and not free enough to execute the things he had in mind to do. He was encouraged to go to Paris, and fifteen years ago began his life in France. Two of his bronzes have been bought by the French Government for the Luxembourg, and he has received all the medals for his work that can be awarded to a foreigner. In addition, he has been made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

Mr. Ward's long residence in France qualifies him to speak with authority upon matters in connection with French character and customs, as he does in the following article.

At the beginning of the war, Mr. Ward voluntarily gave his splendid property at Rolleboise on the Seine for hospital uses, and later on he helped to direct an English automobile ambulance corps operating with the French in the Vosges. During his service he was able to make a number of drawings from life, one of which we are privileged to reproduce. It well illustrates the typical French soldier at the front on reconnoitering duty.

The debt of gratitude from the Allies to Mr. Ward is the greater because two months ago he lost his eldest son, Lieutenant Charles Sanford Ward, of the Tenth Royal Warwickshire Regiment; and because another son, Lieutenant Herbert Sanford Ward, of the Royal Flying Corps, was wounded in an aerial duel and is now a prisoner of war. The death of the eldest son recalls an incident which occurred when the young man was at Oxford. He represented Oxford University against Cambridge in boxing. He once knocked out an adversary in the first round of one of the heats, and when the adversary came to, young Ward, bending over him, said: "I hope you'll soon be all right." The other, looking up, recognized Ward, and, although feeling badly shaken, said: "Oh, I'm all right. I *do* hope you'll win!" Ward won the final.

The "Herbert" to whom frequent reference is made in the late Hopkinson Smith's "The Arm-

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Chair at the Inn," was drawn from Mr. Ward, whose close friendship with the author was of long standing.—THE EDITORS.

THE reason why, being English, I speak of the French is easily explained. I have resided in France for the past fifteen years. Since the war began, being too old to be a soldier, I have associated myself with work connected with the wounded. Among other things, I have been helping to direct a British ambulance section in the mountains of the Vosges on the French eastern frontier. Last April, when on a special mission, I was present during some of the fiercest fighting in that region, and I became familiar with several miles of the first-line trenches in the mountains. Physical conditions had been hard that winter, particularly for the wounded, who had to be dragged in sledges and carried in springless wagons for long distances.

The French soldier has something in his blood and strain which uplifts him as a fighting man and gives him the quality of chivalry. Peasant or *bourgeois* or of patrician stock, he has the manners of a gentleman.

He knows, as well as any man, the joy of life, and he gives his life away with a generous and even reckless willingness. The French, however, have an instinctive dislike of killing. They take no pleasure in it. But as patriots they face the situation, and as Frenchmen they fight, and fight gallantly, for the defense of their country.

They show a sublime endurance of pain. In my section alone we carried twenty-eight thousand wounded men in eight months, and every one of them behaved with amazing courage. As a tribute to that courage let me quote from an open letter written by myself in French, for and with the approval of my comrades, to the Chasseurs Alpins:

Greetings to you, our French brothers, and these greetings contain our respect, and they come from our hearts.

Let us tell you that, when we thought of writing this little letter, it was with the intention of communicating with you to tell you . . . how much we admire you and that our lives are devoted to rendering you service. . . . The heroic manner in which you bear the worst pain makes us wish we could explain and tell you of our admiration. . . . Your courage is so spontaneous, so natural. We remain silent because we cannot express ourselves. . . . We try to lift your poor, broken bodies as gently as we can. We carry you away with all speed to a place where you will find peace, doing our best to avoid the cruel shell-holes on the roads. We ourselves suffer from the shaking of the long journey because we think how intensely painful it is for you. What happiness, a few hours later, to know that you are installed in one of the improvised hospitals, where your wounds are dressed and where you can lie and rest upon a bed! . . .

Our French friends, we bare our heads and we respectfully salute you.

It is an obvious fact that it is not to the Frenchman's temperament to occupy a narrow trench for months at a time, under a rain of shells, waiting for death. Yet he has submitted to it and held firm with a patience and endurance which no one would have believed possible until the proof was given.

I made particular note of the fact that nearly every French soldier I talked to had a settled conviction that he would die in battle sooner or later. Yet, withal, his courage is unimpaired and he retains his gift of gayety and his desire to fight. The French soldier has a gay, unbreakable spirit, the spirit of an unconquerable race. A sparkle of the eye, a ruddy glow of the cheek, a decided step, denote the man who faces death in the French trenches. When we look into the faces of the French soldiers, we invariably find an expression of intelligent good humor. At the same time there is more than a suggestion of firm determination.

I quote from my journal of August 25, 1915:

Night before last, in an ambulance hut near the front, during a cannonade, I first saw a certain doctor. It was in a dimly lit dugout. A man's figure lay on the operating-table, and an attendant held a candle to enable the doctor to see. It was a grave operation and not a thing to talk about. The doctor was intent on his work. An earnest, black-bearded man with bare arms, his hands moved quickly and he gave an impression of concentrated energy. The usual surroundings were there, and a few rugged, dirty *brancardiers* [so called from the fact that they carry the *brancards*, the litters or stretchers] were standing by, ready to bear the patient away.

Last night, almost at the same hour, I was in the same dugout. The noise of the guns was deafening, and there had been many casualties. In the dugout there was again the man with the candle, lighting the surgeon at his work. But this time the surgeon was a clean-shaven man and the patient was the black-bearded doctor himself. He is dead now. . . .

My black-bearded doctor friend, who, after performing his operation two nights before, had

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clinked glasses with me as we drank to each other's health in bad lemonade, had been mortally wounded. That makes a total of nineteen doctors killed at this particular place.

The place was high up in the Vosges, amid masked batteries and hundreds of miles of zigzag gashes in the earth which serve as trenches. Thousands of men live for the most part underground there, just like rabbits, venturing forth at intervals, and then popping back into their warrens, out of the way of bursting shells.

The Chasseurs Alpins, who have already been mentioned, are especially notable—a fine, hardy lot of men drawn from the mountain regions of France, men accustomed to a hard life in the open air. They are dressed in a dark uniform, and wear a *béret*, which somewhat resembles a Scotch cap. They are mostly short, thick-set men, with square jaws; strong-featured men who talk but little. In this high region it is apt to be very cold, and even under other conditions than the present life may be considered as strenuous.

Upon a particular occasion which I have in mind it was just commencing to snow; large, feathery flakes covered the ground on the mountain-side, and we were enveloped as in a cloud. Close above our heads, hidden away beneath pine branches, many cannon were concealed. Despite the snow-storm the big guns were continually crashing forth their murderous shells. The earth trembled with concussion, and the terrific uproar never ceased hour after hour. The shells, which are classed in two categories—the *départs*, those from the masked batteries around us, and the *arrivées*, or those of the enemy—whistled ominously over our heads, falling around us, and in their explosion bursting forth showers of keen-edged fragments of metal which sever the largest pine trees as easily as one would break a wooden match. After waiting weary hours a party of men approached, walking slowly and with great difficulty, covered with snow. They are *brancardiers*, and are carrying the poor shattered bodies of men just wounded by bursting shells. In the only open space near by, without much method, they place their burdens on one side of an imaginary line. Nearest to us were the wounded, to be conveyed a distance of some twenty kilometers (12½ miles) to the improvised hospitals in the nearest towns. Opposite to them are placed in a row, on the other side of the imaginary line, those of the wounded who have died while being carried. The snow continued to fall. As the daylight diminished there was nothing to distinguish the whereabouts of those poor bodies beyond a slight undulation on the surface of the snow.

I venture the opinion that the tenacity and patience of the French army are due in some measure to the peculiar quality of French discipline. We might call it paternal discipline. It is a human system. It is peculiarly adapted to the present needs.

The French army is purely utilitarian, existing for the business of war, and is a really democratic national army, without class distinction. In it the soldiers are the children, the officers are their elder brothers, and the general is their father.

This is particularly noteworthy in the case of the general-in-chief or *generalissimo*. Joffre is respected and esteemed as the father of the army. He is not regarded with awe, but rather with a spirit of affection. The fact that he is a stout man denotes to the ordinary Frenchman the human side of a man with good digestion and general good physical health. His strong local accent also endears him to the people. Joffre is perfectly simple and natural, and so he is popular, because the French dislike, above all things, anything that is affected. He has retained the rustic simplicity of his early surroundings in the Pyrenees. The dominating impression which Joffre makes, however, is one of plain, simple, but extraordinary common sense. He shows it fearlessly in removing men who are not up to their job, just as he does in picking out the right men for his staff. He has around him, in striking contrast with his own origin, some of the patricians of France.

If the French army reminds one of the family, it is also because of the understanding that exists among soldiers of all ranks. There is no swaggering or haughty bearing among the officers. There is no official arrogance. In other armies it is generally evident that the officer is outwardly conscious of his rank, whereas with the French you are impressed by their simple equality. There is an excessive kindness on the part of every one, officials and men alike.

The Frenchman of to-day is, of course, the Frenchman of yesterday in many things, but in one quality he has changed enormously. The beginning of the change may be said to be coincident with the introduction of boxing

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into France. Now boxing teaches a man that he must train ; it teaches him the necessity of self-denial, of keeping early hours, and of the advantages of cold water. Carpentier, the European champion, has probably done more for his country than he is aware of. The Frenchman finds profit in the new sensation of being fit. While he is the same Frenchman as before, he has an improved physique ; the stuff was there, of course, and it has now been developed.

Now as to the Frenchwoman. She is famed all over the world for her efficiency. Since the war began her fame has more than justified itself. While one can say with truth that this war has given women their opportunity in every country, in France the women have not only availed themselves of their opportunity, but they have triumphed beyond it. Their influence is beyond words. They are for the most part very diligent. But, above all, they *understand*, in the broad sense of the word. The man enjoys his home because his wife is a companion. The Frenchwoman is a wonder ; her charm and grace and understanding distinguish her from the women of any other country.

As the children grow up they, too, regard the mother in the light of a companion, and consult her about everything. The mother exercises extraordinary influence over the whole family, even over the children who are married. As a rule, she is perfectly familiar with the affairs of the business which her husband conducts and which she helps to conduct, so that if her husband dies she is able to go on with it. There are instances, not only of shops and stores, but of big iron works in France being conducted by women. The family conclaves are also quite a feature—the weekly dinner, when all the family meet—and in these conclaves the mother is supreme.

The good in a country depends absolutely and entirely upon the character of the women. If they are self-indulgent, you cannot expect very much of the people. It is the home that makes the country.

In this war the Frenchwoman has shown not only her characteristics of efficiency ; she has also shown a spiritual fervor, a fervor which permeates the sentiment of patriotism. It gives beauty to the tradition of nationality, which without such fervor becomes only a common, vulgar hatred of the enemy.

During the mobilization the stoicism of the Frenchwomen was wonderful. They made no complaint. Even though they wept, they gave up their men bravely, with the resignation of religious women who offer their hearts to God.

They have had no illusions, these women ; they knew the real, true meaning of war, as well as the vicissitudes of war, with its wholesale slaughter and destruction. They nerved themselves to endurance, finding in the very weakness of their womanhood a new-born courage.

Especially in nursing the wounded have they displayed an immense devotion. I recall an incident. It was urgent that a serious operation should be performed on a wounded soldier. The surgeon was in great distress, for he had no anæsthetic and the operation was a grave one. With quick intelligence, the nurse—a French lady—leaned forward, kissed the wounded man, and placed her cheek caressingly next to his. A gratified smile came over his poor face and he submitted to the operation without a murmur.

When I lay helpless in the hospital, I heard the following conversation through my open door. It was about four o'clock in the morning. The nurse was addressing a woman who had just arrived.

"You are here already ? You did not waste any time !"

"Oh, no, madame—see—I still wear my apron. When they gave me your telegram saying my man was wounded, I picked up my baby and just came. I have been twelve hours in the train, and I have never traveled anywhere before."

She was taken to her husband. He lay in the next room to mine, his lungs perforated by shrapnel. I can still recall the sounds—the baby's plaintive cry, the poor woman's sobs, the man's vain struggle to breathe.

At Gérardmer, where we were billeted, there remained in the town but few civilians. All the hotels, the Casino—in fact, every building capable of accommodating a number of men—were used as hospitals. Each morning at dawn (often it was cold and wet) there occurred the same sad ceremony ; the same line of stretcher-bearers, carrying to the cemetery the bodies of those who had died in the hospitals during the night. Sad enough it was ; and rendered even more touching by the accompaniment of orphan children from Sœur Claire's orphanage near by, dressed in black hats and caps. Each morning at dawn they fulfilled this sad mission. "What could

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be more fitting," Sœur Claire said to me, "than for these children, who are already parentless, to represent the new orphans and to follow the lonely bodies of the soldiers to the grave?"

And they were very poor at this orphanage. The mayor of the town allowed each child two cents a day. There were sixty children, and that was all they had to live upon. But the kindly faces of those poor children and the lovely faces of the devoted sisters suggested that, whatever privations they suffered, they were sublimely happy in their good work.

Later, when I was in the hospital, I was able to get an occasional glimpse out of my window. The main road passed directly in front, skirted by a few pine trees on the edge of the lake, and under these pine trees were rows of artillery ammunition wagons. At intervals artillery drivers would hitch up their horses to one of the wagons and gallop away with it, and at intervals our ambulances brought their sad rows of wounded; and I could see the poor mangled men, swathed in bandages, being carried into the hospital on stretchers. I was very much attracted by an old, gray-haired lady, who spent her days awaiting the arrival of the ambulances, and as each man was drawn out she maneuvered an umbrella in such a way as to shield his eyes from the strong sun. She had discovered a means of rendering service—one of those simple, kindly acts of true devotion which mean so much.

One day during my stay in the hospital a fresh consignment of wounded from the front arrived, and among the most badly wounded was a young sergeant who in civil life was a Paris lawyer. His case shows the attitude of every true Frenchman toward the women of his family. He was a particularly handsome young fellow, with attractive manners. He had been severely wounded in the head, and underwent a serious operation. Upon regaining consciousness he implored the chief surgeon to telegraph to his mother and sister to come to him. He asked several times if they had replied. In a few days paralysis deprived him of the power of speech. He then used a pencil and wrote imploringly for news. By degrees paralysis became complete, and he was unable to move. Still he was able to indicate his eagerness by gazing fixedly in the direction of the door. And it was in this position that he died. His mother and sister never came. They were prisoners in invaded territory.

Let me quote from my journal of September 20, 1915:

I was in an improvised hospital this afternoon. It was late and the light was fading. The building is the Casino, where before the war visitors used to come to listen to music and to gamble.

There were many rows of beds, and every imaginable type of face was there framed by white pillows. Sad eyes watched one with a tired stare. The gilded columns and the vulgar mirrors added to the air of sadness which pervaded the whole place.

At the bedside of a lad of eighteen sat a widow—a spot of black amid the white surroundings. They did not appear to speak together, but the poor lady's eyes were fixed upon the lad.

She had lost her husband and two sons already in the war. She was at the bedside of her third son, whose leg was amputated yesterday, and whose life is ebbing away.

Two days later I was present when this poor afflicted mother came to say good-by to the nurse at the hospital—for her son had died. I heard her graceful speech of thanks. I saw her kindly hand-shake, and I shall always remember that poor lady's figure, all in black, with gentle dignity, passing down the line between the beds, and turning her head for a moment in the direction of that empty bed—the bed upon which her last hope had passed away.

Of course it is impossible for people like you in America, who are living in peace and happiness far away from the horrors of war, thoroughly to realize its wretchedness and misery. If it were only possible for you to see for one brief moment the faces of the French soldiers! If you could only see the expression in their eyes, if you could only see those brave mothers and widows, and, most of all, if you could but see the children—those boys and girls whose childhood joys are turned into the tragic realities of life, deprived of all that is most vital to a child's welfare; if you could see all this, and experience for ever so brief a time that oppressive gloom which overhangs a country at war, I am sure that the impression would grip your hearts. It would make you feel thankful for all you have done to serve France, and it would encourage you to continue your work of charity.

For France is resisting invasion. Most of us know the charms of that hospitable holiday land. Most of us love to think and dream of our light-hearted picnics, our travels, and our visits to the beauty spots where our

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minds have been often carried back to past days in history, to the days of poetry and romance.

Just as the war has utterly changed the aspect of a part of France, so in equal measure the war has affected the nature of the people. But there is this difference in the comparison: while wreckage and ruin strew the land, the French people have risen as one man in presenting qualities which are the exact antithesis to the wreck which portions of the country have sustained.

We imagined we knew the French people. All of us have acknowledged their keen intelligence and nimble minds, their refinement, especially in speaking their own language, of which they are justly proud. The Frenchman talks clearly and distinctly as compared with the slovenly way in which people talk in England and America. I never heard a Frenchman stutter. The Englishman is apt to hesitate, and even in America I have heard people talking carelessly.

One other thing which is not realized is the fact that France comes nearer being a real democracy than England or America. There is no such caste, for instance, as in England. There is no such aristocracy of wealth as in America. In France you have the aristocracy of intellect.

France is a conglomerate of distinct types of people, though you see the typical Frenchman in all. Take the Bretons, for instance. I know a Breton who was one of three men left after the annihilation of his regiment. He immediately joined another regiment. He has written to us frequently, but he never refers to the horrors of war, or even its discomforts. He has watched nature, and his letters contain extraordinary poetry. The Breton appreciates the *utility* of everything non-material.

The war is harder on France than on Germany, but it cannot end until it ends our way. You could help us by giving us moral and financial support. Powerful as Germany is, the prospect of successfully facing the whole civilized world is absurd. It is beyond the wildest dream of any German to beat the whole world.

But, in any event, there is now a cold, grim determination on the part of England and France. They have got their second wind. They are taking the war as second nature. They will not consider terms of peace until they are victors.

II—THE "AMERICANI" IN ITALY AT WAR

BY GINO C. SPERANZA

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK IN ITALY

Rome.

EARLY in the war a story was current in Italy which, although never officially vouched for, has strong elements of probability. It was said that a young man born in Chicago of Italian parents, having come to Italy to enlist as a volunteer, had been captured by a couple of Austrians during a daring reconnoissance on which he was sent through a wooded section of the lower Isonzo. As he was being led, hands bound behind him, towards the Austrian trenches, he heard his captors speaking in his native tongue, or, as the story says, using "that particular pronunciation which distinguishes the English of Americans." So he entered into their conversation, and soon the three discovered that each was American-born and all were more at home in the vernacular of the United States than in the language of their "rulers." It appeared that the captors happened to be in Austria when the war broke out and had been compelled to join the army. They made no complaint, however, except to state that the food they received was rather poor and the work endless and very heavy.

Thereupon the wily Chicagoan depicted the succulent *rancio* of the Italian army and the excellent treatment accorded by Italy to prisoners of war. All of this was true, but it was painted with such a fine Italian hand that after a while captives and captors were retracing their steps and heading, quite naturally, for the Italian trenches. In half an hour the Chicago Italian was delivering to his command two Paterson Austrians—"friends of his"—with a very special plea for consideration.

The story may not be true in all its details, but, as I said, it has many elements of probability. The European conflict has brought to this continent thousands of those immi-

(*Continued on page following illustrations*)

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Current Events Pictorially Treated

PHOTOGRAPH BY LAURENCE X. CHAMPEAU

"THE MADONNA ENTHRONED," BY BERNARDINO LUINI

This altar-piece, recently purchased for the Brooklyn Museum at the sale of the Lambert Collection in New York, is ranked as one of the greatest masterpieces of its kind

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PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER A. JULEY

"THE PEACOCK GIRL," BY F. EDWIN CHURCH

This picture received the Clark Prize at the Spring Exhibition of the National Academy of Design in New York City

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PHOTOGRAPH FROM BAIN NEWS SERVICE

LAFAYETTE HELPS HIS COUNTRYMEN IN THEIR GREAT STRUGGLE

This fine portrait of the distinguished French patriot, by the distinguished American, Samuel F. B. Morse (who in early life was an artist, before his attention became absorbed in electrical invention), was recently withdrawn from its seclusion in the City Hall in New York to become a center of interest in the Lafayette Fund exhibition, held to raise money to relieve French soldiers. Thus Lafayette, though long in his grave, has helped in a real way to assist his compatriots in their war for self-preservation

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A SYMBOLIC AFRICAN FIGURE BY HERBERT WARD
ENTITLED "DÉTRESSE"

See the characterization of this work in the editorial introduction to the article by the sculptor elsewhere in this issue

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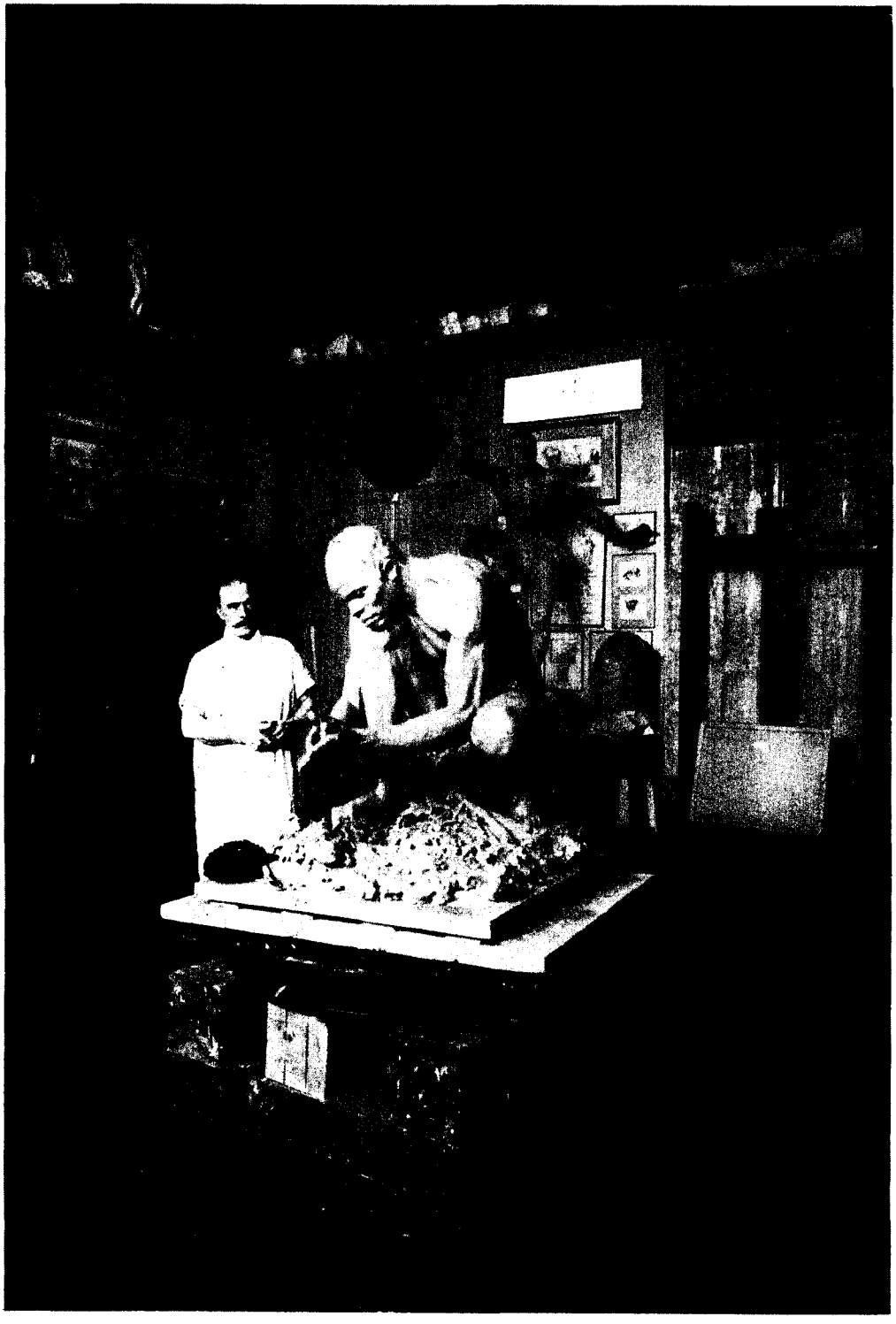

HERBERT WARD IN HIS STUDIO IN PARIS

Elsewhere in this issue will be found some account of Mr. Ward's career and an article by him, "What an Englishman Thinks of the French." See the following page for an example of the artist's latest work

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"A SNIPER," BY HERBERT WARD

This sharpshooter belongs to that division of the French army known as Chasseurs Alpins, or Alpine riflemen, who have been doing valiant service in the Vosges Mountains during the present war. See article by Mr. Ward elsewhere in this issue

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A RECEPTION TO GENERAL CARRANZA IN A MEXICAN TOWN

This striking photograph, showing General Carranza arriving at Celaya, gives a pleasing impression of Mexico's First Chief among his own people

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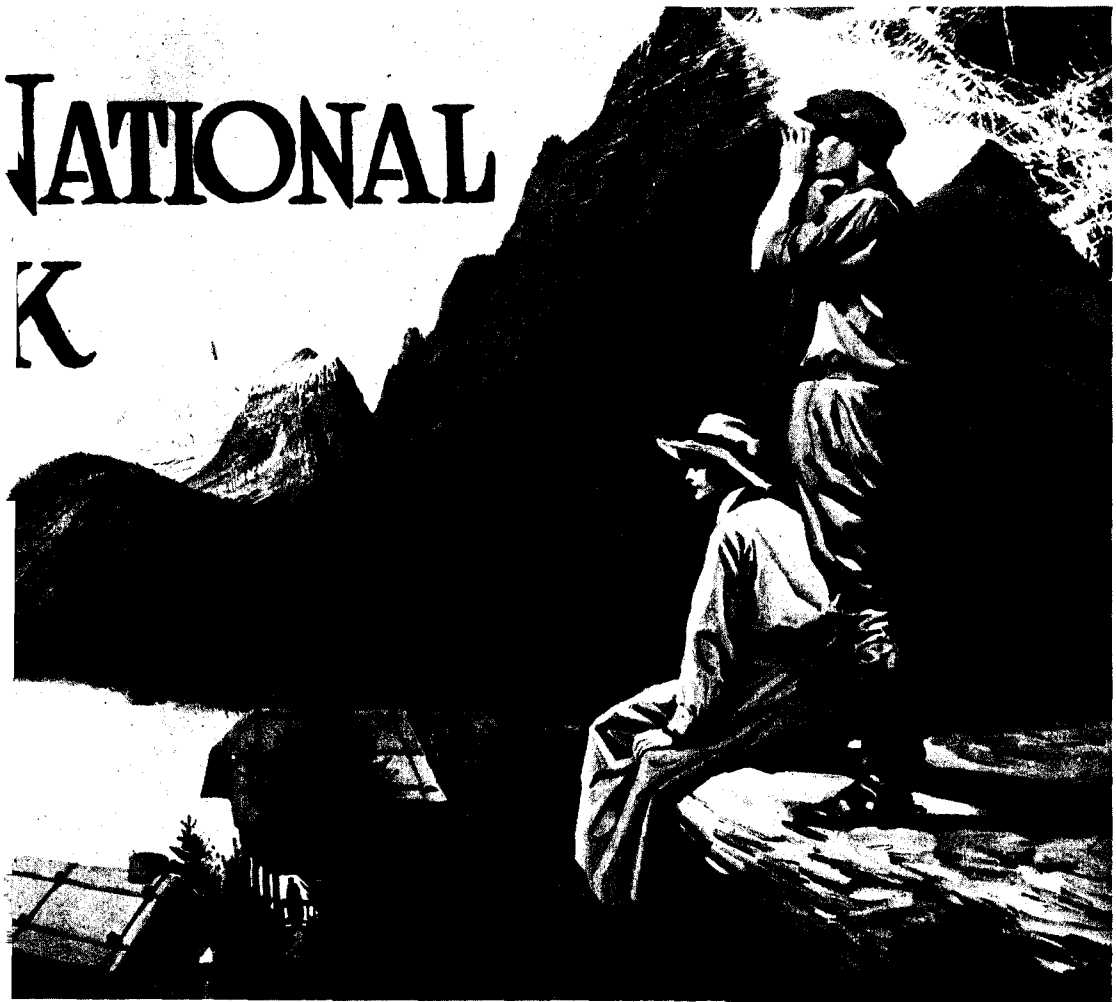

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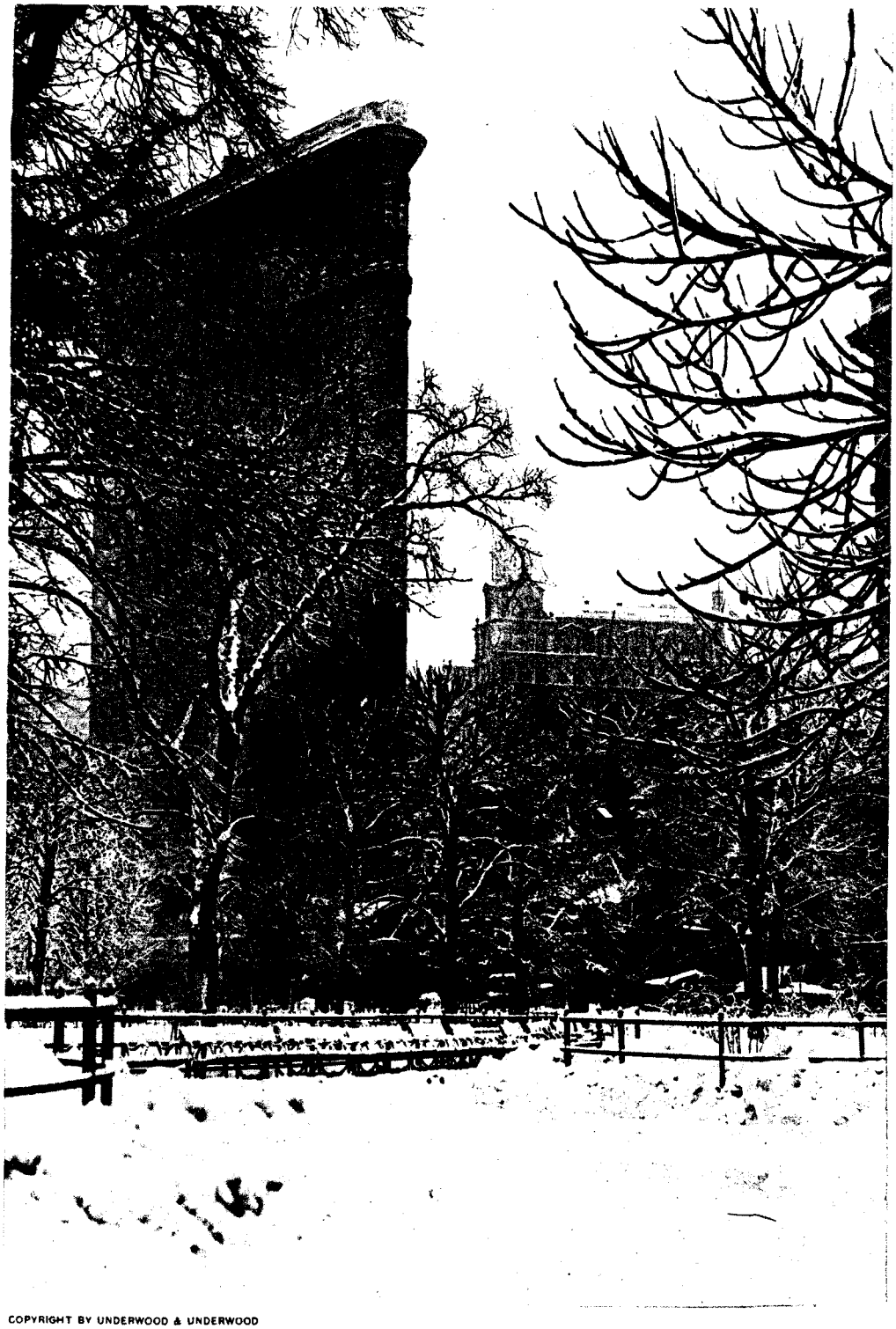

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MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY, IN ITS WINTER GARB

The photograph is taken from the vicinity of the Farragut statue looking towards one of the most remarkable structures in the world—the Fuller Building, more familiarly known as the "Flatiron"

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PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTOINETTE B. HERVEY

NEW YORK CITY ON EASTER SUNDAY

The Easter Sunday pictured is that of last year, when a mantle of snow lent a wintry aspect to a town that was more than ready to welcome the advent of spring with its Easter celebration. The people seen in the foreground are on their way to the French Church (Notre Dame) on Morningside Drive—the central building in the background. St. Luke's Hospital is seen on the left and an apartment building on the right

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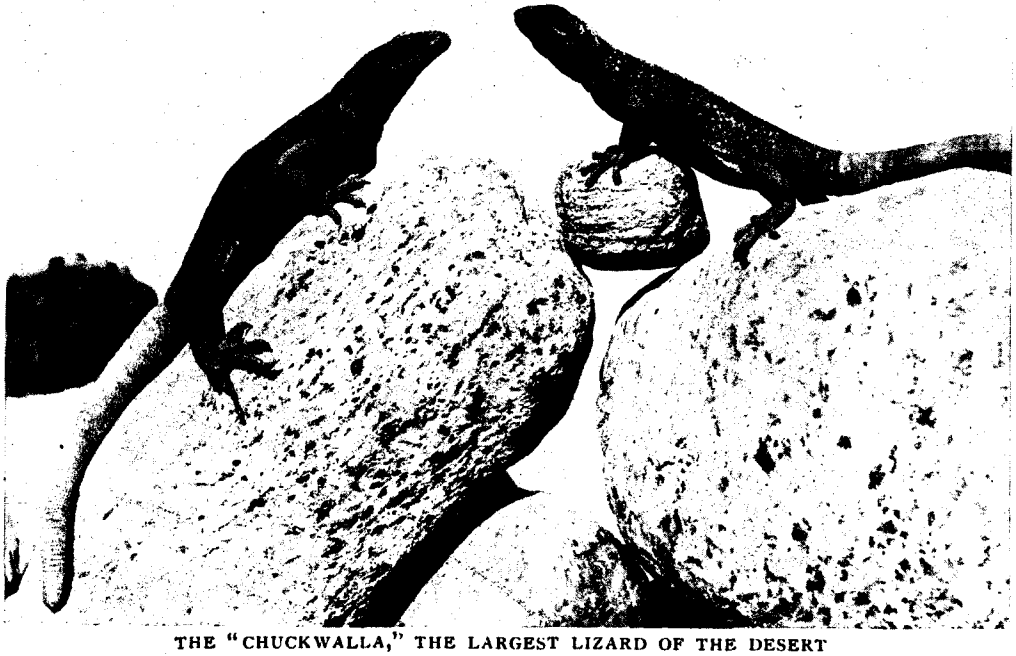
ON A THREE DAYS' HIKE IN THE "SINK" IN DEATH VALLEY

This Valley is 350 feet below sea level. The temperature in summer is sometimes 135°



THE "CHUCKWALLA," THE LARGEST LIZARD OF THE DESERT

These lizards sometimes attain a length of 24 inches and weigh 3½ pounds. They live on leaves and blossoms, and themselves sometimes furnish food for the Indians

RESCUE WORK IN THE

See article by Mr. L. W. Beck

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"RUFUS," A FAMOUS LIFE-SAVING DOG

This dog is equipped with two 3-quart canteens held in the saddle-bags, besides dog-biscuits, etc. First-aid case is on breast-strap. He has elkskin shoes to protect his feet from the burning sand

A "WATER TANK" OF THE DESERT, IN SOLID ROCK

This reservoir of good water was discovered by following the flight of turtle doves. The picture, showing Rufus and his master, was taken by a special device attached to the camera; the man and dog are alone

GREAT AMERICAN DESERT
elsewhere in this issue

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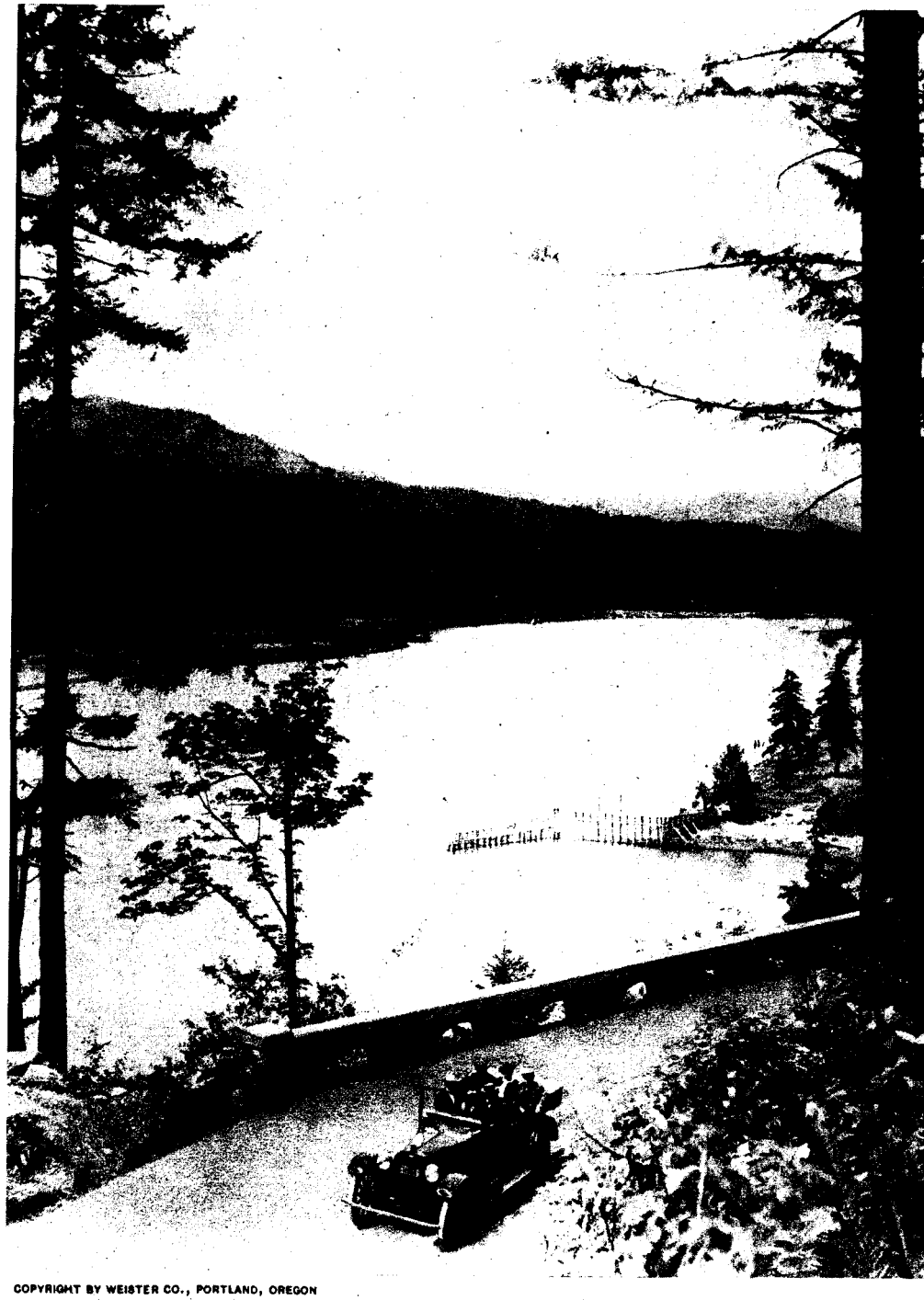

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ON THE NEW COLUMBIA RIVER HIGHWAY

This splendid road through some of the finest scenery of the Pacific coast will undoubtedly prove a great attraction to motorists. The picture shows the highway opposite Table Mountain

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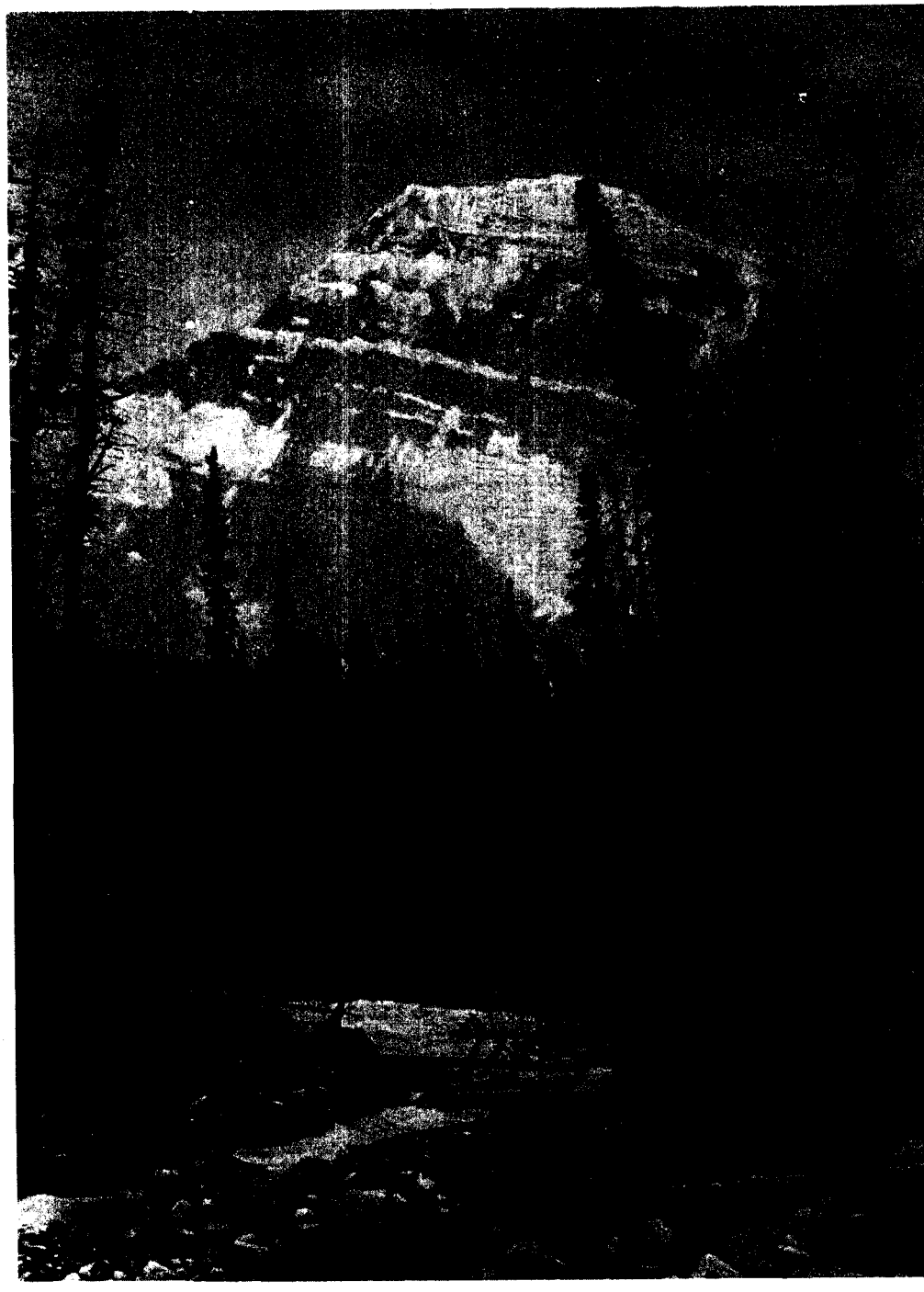

A GREAT NATURAL MONUMENT TO EDITH CAVELL, THE MARTYRED BRITISH NURSE

This mountain, one of the finest peaks of the Canadian Rockies, has been renamed Mount Cavell, by the Dominion Government, in honor of the devoted Englishwoman, Miss Edith Cavell, who was executed as a spy by the Germans. Mount Cavell is over 11,000 feet high, and is on the line of the Canadian Northern Railway. It was formerly called Mount Geikie

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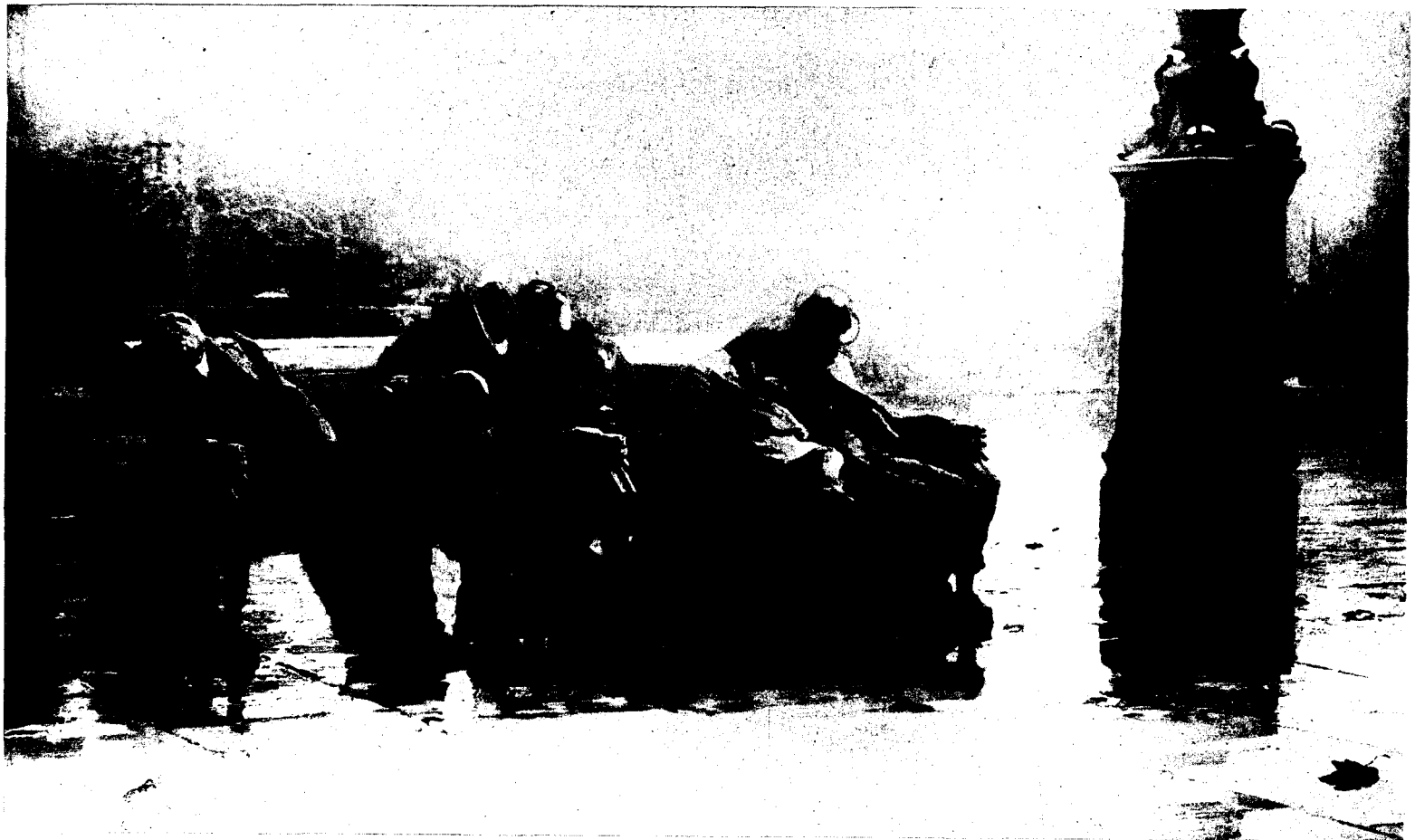

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

This picture by Mr. J. C. Dollman, which was presented to the city of New York by Mr. Alfred Mosely, Chairman of the British Educational Commission, represents a scene on the Thames Embankment in London. From the left, the first three figures are those of homeless workingmen, unemployed, without money, food, or shelter. The fourth is a discharged soldier, who still bears his war medal on his breast. At the extreme right are a destitute countryman and his wife and child, who have tramped in from an outlying district in search of work. The lights of a great hotel are seen in the background, suggesting dainty food, luxurious beds, and all the material welfare of a wealthy aristocracy—giving point to the painting's title, "Am I my Brother's Keeper?" See editorial comment

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grants, or sons of immigrants, who even before the war were known as "Americani"—men who had not merely lived among us, but who, on their return, either temporarily or permanently, had brought with them indelible marks of their life in America.

It is of these Americani in Italy to-day that I wish to speak, of these returned immigrants whose contribution toward the betterment of many villages in southern Italy will some day be written, I hope, as one of the finest pages of the influence of American democracy on those who sought its asylum, even though they never became its sons.

Unofficial but reliable information would place the number of such Americani who have left the United States to enter the fighting ranks of Italy at not less than sixty thousand, and probably at above seventy thousand. That, under Italian law, many, if not most, of them were under a legal duty to come cannot be challenged; that some of them in coming violated the spirit of their allegiance to their adopted country is a political question of such a serious and vexed character that it transcends the purposes and scope of this article. I wish, rather, herein to bear witness to one fact of deep significance and of practical importance to our future immigration legislation, and it is this: that if many of those who come here from the United States have fought gallantly, if they have endured patiently, if they have died bravely, we can have the assurance that the years spent by them among us and their experience in America played some part in the ordeal through which their strong young lives have passed or in whose fires they have been nobly consumed.

I came over from New York with nineteen hundred of these Americani on shipboard. They were the gayest lot I have ever seen, playing and singing all the way from the North River to the Immacolatella at Naples. They came from every point of our country; miners from the West, some wearing caps with the inscription of some flour company or the name of an express company; others decked out in American overalls, suspenders, and sweaters; there was even one Italian from Kansas in a baseball suit! Many of them had the Italian tricolor and a button of the Madonna del Carmine on one lapel and an American flag pinned to the other. There were forty Italians from Hartford, including a young, capable-looking contractor whose name you will find enrolled in the Connecticut militia. Missouri was represented, and Pennsylvania, and the Far West. A special car had carried a Minnesota contingent from Duluth to New York, but only a few of that party had been able to find room on our steamer.

A stoutish, rosy-cheeked, clean-shaven Italo-American who spoke no Italian explained to me plaintively that his chum from Hibbing, Minnesota, had been left behind for the next boat-load. "That friend of mine," he explained, "is a wonder; he has beaten all comers with his car on the race-tracks in our State. Besides," he added, solemnly and impressively, "he's an aviator, and writes poems!"

I treasure a sample of the poetic fervor of this unknown Italian from Minnesota, from whose admiring friend I was able to obtain a copy. It is entitled "The Farewell of an Italo-American Aviator to his Sweetheart," and is phrased after an old Italian marching song. That it deserves, when done into appropriate English, to be included in an anthology of broad-gauged American patriotism is established by the poet's outburst of affection for the place of his American residence. Nine out of ten native citizens of the Republic have probably never heard of Hibbing, Minnesota, but this is how the Italo-American aviator, on his way to drop bombs on Pola and Trieste, apostrophizes that Western town:

"Hibbing, beloved Hibbing,
Town of my thoughts, adieu!
Farewell to joy and pleasure
And friends most kind and true.
Remember in some measure
One ever true to you!"

When we had passed Gibraltar, some of these boys in the second cabin arranged a special evening musicale for me; they asked a "professor" from Naples to play for a whole hour on the piano some of his most pyrotechnic variations from "Norma" and the old Verdian favorites. Slowly the dining-saloon—dimly lighted, as we were sailing in almost complete darkness to avoid submarine attacks—filled with men from every province of Italy, gathered there from a hundred places in America; strong boys and frail, thoughtful men and hardy laborers, all listening to the music.

Suddenly the "professor" struck up the national hymn of Italy, and the crowd rose to a man, cheering for "Savoia," while hundreds of others huddled on the steerage deck sent up a mighty shout from below. It came roaring through the portholes like the chal-

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lenge of regiments charging for Italy and for glory. I have been in great crowds on impressive occasions, and have heard thrilling hurrahs; but this was the first time that I had listened to the cheers of men resolved to die, if need be, for something infinitely greater than life.

I wish that those at home who look censoriously upon these Americani who left our country to fight for another allegiance than that of the adopted land could have felt with me the thrill of that cheer, could have heard its steadying ring, which seemed to brush aside the shadow of the Valley of Death so that one might more wholly listen to that stirring music which somehow makes all of us here —soldiers or just friends, belligerents or observers—drop into marching step with the forces bravely struggling for a free Europe.

We must not be too legalistic and coldly logical in the face of tremendous events. The question for most of these Americani was not one of *allegiance*, but of *service*. The fundamental and controlling choice was not between America and Italy, but essentially between a safe, peaceful jurisdiction and a perilous undertaking. In making their choice a large number of these Americani could have claimed our protection and remained in the relative comfort and ease of their American homes; that they chose, instead, the dangers and the sacrifices which were all that Italy offered them may legally sever them from our citizenship, but surely let it not take from them some tribute of respect.

Perhaps we can best read the true inwardness of their choice in some typical and illuminating examples. I know, for instance, a young Italian officer who has lived several years in America. He is as dashing a cavalry officer as ever won the heart of the fairest and noblest maiden; yet if you had met him on Wall Street, as I used to, you would have been attracted by his tall, well-groomed figure, his strenuous gait, and the "unmistakable" evidences about him of an American clubman and gentleman. The Italian war was not many days old, however, when he was off to his native land, where he was soon after seriously wounded in one of the bloodiest battles for Gorizia, and advanced in rank for bravery on the field of battle.

When I saw him in Rome, after he had left the hospital, I asked him what he thought of war. "Now that I have been through it," he said, thoughtfully, "I feel that it can be justified only for the protection of one's country. I came to Italy because it *is* my country; but if to-morrow America, where my wife and I have lived, should be threatened with invasion, I should fight there as I have fought here."

Let me tell you of another young man I know; an entirely different type, and born in an entirely different section of Italy, whence he had been brought to America at the age of just two months. He is a graduate from one of the best-known universities in America, a poet at heart, writing graceful English verse with a certain Elizabethan flavor; an architect by profession, and an enthusiastic lover of New York, where he lived for nearly twenty-five years before the war broke out. "I don't know why I'm going to Italy," he told me while we crossed the Atlantic together, "for I don't know Italy and do not speak its language, while all my friends are in America, where I have had an excellent position." But on a day of deeper intimacy he let me read more closely in his soul. "I wish I were sure of myself," he confided; "because when I think of the fighting line I am really afraid to die; but when I was a little boy my mother used to tell me how Italy's oppressors stood up her father and his brother against a wall and shot them down mercilessly because they refused to fight against Garibaldi." It was a boy's almost frightened face that turned to me a little pleadingly, saying, "I see that picture every day now; that's why I'm going."

Some time ago, at Ravenna, where the dust of Italy's greatest son awaits the Judgment Day, the colonel of the regiment of territorials stationed there called for volunteers to go at once to the fighting line. The first nine men to step forward were immigrants recently returned from America. "We have come here to fight," said their spokesman to the colonel, "and for no other purpose; we ask to be allowed to go in the place of some others who have families dependent upon them."

Nor less spiritually brave seems to me the case of that young laborer who arrived at Genoa from America in answer to the call of endangered Italy, bearing tenderly with him his motherless baby of a few months, and whose only thought was how, in the absence of any relative in Italy or America, he could place it safely and lovingly so that he might join the colors without delay.

I cannot in my heart brand men of this

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sort with the ugliest of words—disloyalty. Indeed, in the face of the tremendous fact which the European drama represents and the principles which are involved in it, I should not like to think that men like these had kept safely from its risks.

Rather is the conviction borne in upon me, and fortified every day by a hundred little proofs, that there is more deep-seated respect for America among the returned immigrants in southern Italy than in any other part or in any other class in Europe, and that no diplomacy, however far-sighted, and no propaganda, however skillful, has produced such a real sphere of friendly American influence anywhere abroad as these humble Americani have created for the United States in the Abruzzi and Calabria.

In a recent article by an Italian observer much stress is laid on the part played by immigration in preparing the Sicilian people to accept the brave hardships of war. Northern Italy, he points out, entered joyously into the conflict, with its soul still smarting under the humiliations and the cruelties of the Austrian oppressor of half a century ago; but Sicily from the very beginning rose to the more ideal reasons of the war, and, overlooking its past sufferings, intuitively grasped the fact that the arch-enemy was not the Austrian oppressor of Italy, but the German overlord of a Europe fighting to be free. "Emigration has proved a school of life, an apprenticeship in sacrifice, an experience with pain, privation, suffering, and abnegation; it has been a factor of moral uplift and has habituated the Sicilian people . . . to the trials of great partings, of far distances, often with no home-coming." In other words, emigration prepared, in a measure, the spirit of these people for the demands of war.

But numberless little incidents are not wanting to prove the large, deep thesis that allegiance to an endangered Italy has not meant spiritual disloyalty to the adopted country. The thought of America blooms in the most unexpected places even in the midst of the war. Among the countless hymns and *canzonette* which the conflict has produced there is a very popular ditty entitled "Viva Trento e Trieste;" it is sung to the music of an older and even more widely known Neapolitan song which bears this title, "Me ne vogl'i all' America!"—"I am going off to America!" Or take the wounded Sardinian soldier who was brought to the American Hospital at Florence; when he was taken to a large, sunny ward and placed on a comfortable spring-bed he smiled and said, "I have found America in Italy!"

If only some Americans who have doubts about the loyalty of these men would visit our hospital in the city of Dante, of Donatello, of Giotto, of Savonarola! Stopping near the door above which flies the Stars and Stripes with the tricolor of Italy and the white standard of the Red Cross, they very likely would hear old and new songs issuing from the house of pain—wounded soldiers singing in tones of a wild challenge the favorite war hymn, "Fuori i Barbari!" followed perhaps in a gentler but not less earnest mood with "Viva l'America" to the tune of "Santa Lucia."

Face to face with what the drama of Europe means, seeing day after day wounded men brought back from the fighting line, uncomplaining and unafraid, I confess that nothing stirs me more than, as I read the lists of the honored dead, I see a statement like the one before me: "Giovanni L——, bugler in the Tenth Bersaglieri, who had recently returned from America." And knowing these men, having followed their lives, gauged their struggles, and drawn near to their simple ideals, I feel certain that when the shadow settled slowly upon them there passed before their darkening view, not only the picture of their father and mother, of their Italy and their hopes, but also a gleam of the vision of America.

When the war is over and the minds of men shall turn to constructive work, we in America will have to give serious thought to refashioning, if not fundamentally changing, our immigration and naturalization laws. We have heretofore attempted to use physical tests of desirability to the alien applying for admission at our gates, and, in a minor degree, political, economic, intellectual, and moral tests. But the truest and most reliable test of all we have never applied—the test of *character*. I realize that seemingly insurmountable difficulties exist to its practical application, yet the hope of securing the finest element from abroad for our American democracy lies in our willingness and determination for the sake of our country to find a way of applying this steadiest and safest gauge of desirability. History and the record of the spiritual life of the various peoples in Europe might well have helped us in the past, but we preferred the new sociology to the old and certain lessons of history. The

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great European drama which we are witnessing offers to-day, however, undreamed-of opportunities to study and to know those fundamental and particular characteristics which differentiate nationalities, and which constitute fine or oblique character among different groupings of men in the history of civilization.

Let us hope that our diplomats and our consular officials here in Europe, as well as our writers and correspondents, will realize this fact, and that they are rising to the great occasion; they can furnish us in these momentous days spiritual data of such profound significance as no Congressional commissions, no sociological faculties, and no scholars in our universities could hope to supply in a century of study and learned inquiry. For Europe is to-day, not merely a bloody battlefield, but something infinitely finer and greater. It is God's fiery laboratory wherein the passions and lusts of men are being slowly and terribly consumed, but wherein also the intimate life of the human spirit is working out reactions of profound meaning and of infinite consequences.

III—THE PROTESTANT CHURCHES IN DISTRESSED BELGIUM AND NORTHERN FRANCE

BY THE REV. HENRI K. ANET, B.D., LL.D.
DELEGATE OF THE FRANCO-BELGIAN EVANGELIZATION COMMITTEE

WHEN the gallant King Albert opened the Parliament at Brussels, on the 4th of August, 1914, he declared: "*Belgium can be defeated, but subdued never! God will be with us in this righteous cause.*" The King's word was taken up by the whole nation. Last autumn I saw in Flanders the Belgian army—an army of heroes, more numerous, better equipped, better trained, more hopeful, than it was at the beginning of the war. In Belgium as well as in the northern France occupied by the Germans, the civil population is simply heroic in its optimism, in its passive resistance. Offers of big salaries paid three months in advance and in gold, threats and imprisonment, deportations of civil prisoners to Germany, isolation of towns and villages by electrified wires—nothing could decide the Belgian workmen to work for the oppressors on the railways, the repair shops, the posts and telegraphs, the munition factories, etc. On the 4th of August, 1915, anniversary of the German invasion, many people in Brussels wore a "scrap of paper" in the buttonhole; on the 19th of August, anniversary of the occupation of the capital (which I had the sadness of witnessing), the Germans made a great military "frightfulness" parade. All along the streets the Belgians turned their faces towards the houses, and the procession passed between endless rows of backs!

A people who can still laugh at their victors is not a conquered nation. But they have shed tears also. Who can ever tell the destructions, the violences, the murders, committed all over Belgium and northern France by the Teutons, without military reason, without any reason whatever? All the stories of "*franc-tireurs*" are just "Overseas" truths. There is not the least exaggeration in the reports of the Belgian and British Commissions about German atrocities. The Belgian Commission, of whom I know personally several members, has been very moderate, and told only a small part of the awful truth.

Now, notwithstanding heavy fines on any pretext, arbitrary imprisonments, unlawful deportation and slavery in Germany, the population is quieter, but the misery is increasing dreadfully. Unemployment is general. Without the food generously provided by the Americans the people would starve, rise in revolt, and be mowed down by German Maxim guns. Meat is scarcely to be found; many people live only on rice and potatoes; some have been obliged to live on boiled potato peels. A few coal-miners work, but, exhausted by semi-starvation, they have no strength; the mother and children must often give up to the working father part of their small official ration of food.

The Protestant churches, composed chiefly of working people, many coal-miners, had their share of all these untold sufferings. The fighting has taken place all along the line of our mission stations: in Belgium—Verviers, Liège, Andenne, Namur, Charleroi, Mons, Antwerp, Malines, Louvain, etc.; in France—Longwy, Maubeuge, Valenciennes, Lille, Lens, Arras. Houses destroyed and plun-

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dered, stores and shops burned down or looted, crops and cattle robbed, relatives killed—that sums up the sad story of many of our Protestant families.

However, even near the fighting line the work of evangelization is going on under splendid spiritual conditions. With the exception of a few who are chaplains in the Belgian or French army, all our pastors and evangelists are at their posts, encouraged by crowded chapels and meeting halls. Never have hearts been opened as now to the preaching of the Gospel.

In a recent interview King Albert told me: "*This war is a dreadful trial; either it brings us nearer to God or farther from him.*" Many Belgians and Frenchmen are brought nearer to God. In both armies our Protestant young men are standing triumphantly the severe test of war. I have seen and admired many of them in Flanders. In the churches Roman Catholics and unbelievers are coming to us for consolation and hope; many have already been added to the rolls. The patience, the faith, and also the liberality of our church members are astounding; the first year of the war some working-people congregations have diminished their contributions only by one-quarter or one-fifth. A woman in great anxiety about her husband, a Belgian soldier, told her pastor: "I have never felt as now the presence of God in my life."

"So, you see, you have lost everything," says the Kaiser to King Albert, in a "Punch" cartoon. And the King answers: "*Not my soul.*" Belgium has not lost her soul by obeying the call of duty and honor. France has found her soul in the struggle for international justice and freedom. But the soul of both nations must still be saved in a deeper sense—redeemed by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. May many Belgians and Frenchmen make the discovery of a Belgian lady refugee in England, where she was converted: "I have lost everything; my house is burned down; all my belongings have been taken away. I am here in exile, but *I don't regret all these losses, for I have found a greater treasure—the Gospel of Christ!*"

THE PRE-NOMINATION CAMPAIGN

THE PRESIDENTIAL CHOICE OF THE SOCIALISTS

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

THE Socialists in the United States have taken time by the forelock. They have their candidate for President already nominated and in the field—no National Convention, no fuss and feathers. It is even to be doubted whether any considerable portion of the nearly one million male persons who in 1912 voted that ticket have as yet any knowledge of what has occurred.

As soon as I saw by the public prints that Allan L. Benson, of Yonkers, was the legal choice for President of a Socialist referendum, I made arrangements to see him and find out what manner of man he was and to learn from him directly how he faced and how his party faced the National duties of the present hour. An organization which attracts a million adherents in the United States and a man who represents the million at the top are entitled certainly to respectful consideration. Here is a point of view which it is important to understand in parallel with the point of view of the Republicans and the Democrats and the Prohibitionists and the Progressives.

A day or two after I had agreed over the telephone to call on him at his convenience he walked into the office of The Outlook, and, with a courtesy and *camaraderie* which I very much appreciated, offered to have it out with me then and there. He had just come from a session with a committee of Congress upon preparedness, where his testimony about what he thought of the President's convictions had created an uproar. And so I was prepared for the worst.

We had a frank and pleasant exchange of opinion. The Socialist candidate is a stockily built, ruddy-faced man forty-six years of age, with grayish hair, gold-bowed spectacles, and the look of a thinker. I have

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recently read an article of his in "Pearson's" on "The Indecency of the Preparedness Issue," which seemed to me to be unnecessarily bitter and cynical. But bitterness or cynicism must be a weapon of Socialists rather than a spirit, judging by my experience during our interview.

There were two other candidates for President on the Socialist primary ticket, one a Representative in the Legislature of Pennsylvania and one the head of a college in Kansas. The thing that counted for Mr. Benson was that he had written Socialism for eight years; signed editorials in "The Appeal to Reason," signed articles in "Pearson's," four or five or six books—"Socialism Made Plain," "The Truth About Socialism," "Our Dishonest Constitution," "The Way to Prevent War." Besides this he is the author of widely read pamphlets, such as "The Growing Grocery Bill," "Henry Ford's Bomb-Shell," each with a circulation of a million or two. He had a better chance than his competitors. He happened to be a writer, and the others were not. The whole Socialist organization knew him and knew what he thought.

When we had settled down to question and answer, I inquired: "Did you make any effort to secure the nomination?"

"No," he said, "I did not turn a finger to get it. That would be the quickest way for a candidate for President to ruin himself in the Socialist party. I didn't even vote for myself. And I am sure that the other candidates made not the slightest effort either."

"But," I said, "I wish you would explain to readers of The Outlook the Socialist referendum by which you were chosen. Do you think that a party that polls a million votes ought to be governed by an inside organization of thirty or thirty-five thousand who declare their choice in the primary? Is not the whole tendency toward control by a machine oligarchy, as in the greater parties?"

"Not at all," he said. "We have throughout the United States what are known as locals. There is a local in Yonkers, a local in Schenectady, and so on across the continent. Under the rules, a man must be proposed by not fewer than ten locals in order to entitle him to a place on the ballot. For two months, from the 1st of November to the 31st of December of last year, the locals were busy deciding, first by a majority vote of each local, who should be voted for at all. On January 1st the Executive Secretary at Chicago prepared the ballot, and supplies were sent to each local. This time the vote was by individuals, each member of the local being entitled to a vote. There is a membership of about eighty thousand in the locals, and some thirty-two or thirty-three thousand took part this year in the choice of the candidate for President. It is the only way we have. The membership of the party is only a fraction of the whole voting strength on election day. Many vote the ticket who never are known publicly to be Socialists. Only the most zealous join the organization. The organization is the unselfish fighting corps of the party, without which it could not live. Every member pays dues, and that is practically the only financial means which we have. The organization formulates the platforms and nominates the candidates."

I called his attention to the trouble Mayor Lunn was having with the Socialist organization in Schenectady over an appointment he wished to make in the city government. The organization has been trying to force the Mayor to its will. I said: "How is that any better than the method employed at Albany by the political machines time out of mind to enforce subservience on the part of the representatives of the people to the selfish will of the machines?"

The candidate for the Presidency said: "I think the Socialist local is right. We have proceeded in this country for an indefinite number of years upon the assumption that when a man is elected to office he is authorized under the terms of his election to discharge the duties of that office in such manner as to him shall seem best. Voluntarily these officials listen to their constituents to a certain extent. But still the individual exercises wide discretion. His constituents can retire him by and by, but during his term he has the control, he makes the decision. We Socialists don't feel that it is democratic to tie the hands of the people during the official's term. We decline to exalt an elected representative even for this brief period. We would put him under obligation from day to day to represent the will of the people. The best means a Socialist official has to consult the will of the people is through our locals, which represent more nearly than any other organization in the community can the point of view of those to whom he owes his election. The organization is no close corporation. It is open to anybody who wants to join. Such a person is only asked to sign

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a very moderate agreement with respect to his purposes in entering the party. It is not irksome. We welcome all, and try to get them to join. We think it is better to make the official conform. I admit that is not entirely free representation in a democracy, but it is better than the kind we have now."

"Well," I said, "that may sound all right while the days of idealism are on with the Socialist organization, but what would happen if the Socialist organization should come generally into power and wax fat and deteriorate, like the old party machines? Wouldn't we have the same old tyranny over again?"

"When the Socialist party gets into power," said Benson, "the capitalist system which is now in control of business and politics will be gone. When that is gone, the corrupting influences will disappear and your party organization will be upright and work in the interest of the people. It is the private printing graft at Albany, for example, that makes the party machines tyrannous and dishonest."

"But," I said, "all that trouble of Lunn's in Schenectady was over the appointment of an expert in one of the city departments. Do you think that the Schenectady local can pick a better expert than Lunn?"

His reply to this seemed to me somewhat less convincing. "The intelligent members of the Schenectady local," said he, "are better able than I or any official to determine whether the appointment is for the good of the community. They weigh the facts. They may weigh them imperfectly, but it is good practice for them. I don't claim that the democratic principle works out unfailing justice. It reflects only that degree of good government which the people are able to produce for themselves. Human material is still far short of the point where it can invariably reach correct conclusions. But it is better for any community in the long run to suffer from the ills that may come to it through ignorance of their own affairs than to suffer from the cunning and contriving of very clever people."

I had heard that Mr. Benson had not always been a Socialist, that he was born in Michigan, and that he had had a wide experience for a number of years on various newspapers in Detroit, in Chicago, in Salt Lake, in San Francisco, in New York, and in Washington, before he came to his present work and point of view, and I said: "What got you started towards Socialism?" And that is where he scored on the Outlook office.

With just the slightest twinkle in his eye, he said: "One morning in November, 1902, when I was managing editor of the Detroit 'Times,' I saw a despatch in the Chicago 'Record-Herald' which led me to become a Socialist. The substance of it was a statement purporting to be from Dr. Lyman Abbott—I have not the slightest knowledge that he ever said it, but the statement was there. Contemplating the increased vote which the party had recently polled, Dr. Abbott was alleged to have said: 'Nothing can stop Socialism, and nothing ought to stop it.'"

I told him I thought that, if Dr. Abbott ever made that remark, he made it with amendments and reservations.

"I don't know that he ever said it at all," replied Benson; "but I have always had a high regard for Dr. Abbott, and I started for the encyclopædia in the office, 'Johnson's,' at once. I found there a twenty-thousand-word article from H. M. Hyndman, of England, on Socialism. I read it through. I experienced that forenoon an internal sensation that I had never felt up to that time and never have felt since. All the things I had been bothering about, all the questions I could not answer, seemed nearer solution. I got the first vivid light upon the world in which I had lived. I dropped the book and felt that I was on the trail of what I was after."

The Socialist candidate went on: "I had voted for Bryan in '96. In 1900 I voted for McKinley. I thought we ought to be a world power and hold the Philippines. But after a while I couldn't see, now that we had them, what good that did me or the mass of the poor people all around me. A certain considerable number had fallen in the war with Aguinaldo. I could see that they were dead. But I couldn't make out that raising the flag on a distant island had helped anybody."

I saw that this was the time to get into grapple with this valiant exponent of Socialism over the preparedness issue. I knew that he was vigorously opposed to either the Wilson or the Roosevelt form of it or any other which involved large expenditures or offensive programmes, and I asked him to state frankly his views.

"I think," he said, "that every country has the right and the duty to preserve the integrity of its own frontiers, to resist invasion.

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And the weapons and armament should be such as are fitted solely for defense, and not for offensive warfare. The Germans, with their mine fields and submarines and fortifications, have stood off the British navy for eighteen months. And they can stand them off ten times as long. The Germans are prepared to blow up all the navies of the world at strategic points on their own coast. The Socialists are not opposed to adequate mines and coast submarines and land fortifications for the United States.

"There is no real danger of an attack being made on us, anyway—not if we treat the rest of the world decently. There are two ways of defending yourself, one by building up great armaments and jamming your opinion down the throats of the world. The other is by being just to other people. Of course an attack may now and then come without any basis of injustice on our part. But the great provocative of war is unjust treatment of other peoples.

"That is where we are in wrong in the Philippines to-day. And the rest of the world sees it. We have the Monroe Doctrine to keep the rest of the world out of this hemisphere, but it doesn't prevent us from forcing ourselves into another hemisphere and doing what we please there."

I said: "Don't the Socialists believe in upholding the Monroe Doctrine?"

He replied: "The only real claim ever made for the Monroe Doctrine was that it would keep troublesome neighbors from Europe out of our hemisphere and away from striking distance of our shores. But that is not important any more. England is right here, anyway. As for Germany, it would be just as easy nowadays, after her troops were embarked, to sail only a little farther and strike us directly instead of from South America.

"The purpose of the Monroe Doctrine, so far as it ever had any legitimate purpose, was to conserve our peace. Now it tends more and will continually tend more to menace our peace. And it would be a good thing if we were rid of it."

Still I kept after him on the need of offensive armament if the United States is to have a part with other great nations in a league to enforce the peace and order of the world after the present war is over.

"Oh," said the Presidential candidate of the Socialists, "if we were uniting with truly democratic governments, there might be something to that. But an international police force, under a group of powers which the people do not control, would amount to nothing. Suppose there had been an international fleet when this present war broke out—and England, France, Germany, and Russia had been in it. The various units of it would have broken up and sailed for home ports in no time. The final control in the various countries is not yet such that we can get real co-operation of an international force."

"What is the Socialist view of universal military service?" I asked.

"The most serious objection to it, as our Government is now administered," said Mr. Benson, "is that the President would have a great weapon at his elbow whenever he might wish to put through his will. I do not think the President should have a great army or navy to do his will. Why not use the same energy and money for organizing an army of industrial workers, and see that they get better wages and conditions of living, and let them know that the country cares something for them? That would do some good in the way of uniting and defending the Nation."

It has always seemed to me that one of the great obstacles to Socialism is the imperfect state of human nature; that Socialism is too Utopian an ideal for the world as it is, or is likely to be until the millennium. And so, coming back to the more permanent doctrines of Socialism, I said: "Even if you could get the public capitalist substituted for the private capitalist, and get the perfect democracy which Socialism is after, do you think human nature in the mass has the mental acumen and the moral acumen to make Socialism work?"

"Yes," said he. "It is environment which makes human nature act in so many disgusting ways. If we could change the environment, I think human nature would act in surprisingly good ways. It is human nature for the man who suddenly sits on a hot stove to spring up. It is a red-hot world for a great many millions of people. It is red hot for the mass of the poor who find it difficult to make a living and who may at any time be thrust into wars in which they must give up their lives. It is red hot for the rich man who struggles along until he has made his money. And every moment he is open to attack, and he has to put forth the best effort to maintain what he has got or to get

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a little more. It is an awful thing for a man to be placed where everybody is at his throat.

"And suppose we should try to conduct industry to serve humanity instead of to pile up riches for the future. It wouldn't make us angelic, but it would show human nature in a far better light. Henry George brought that out in his 'Progress and Poverty.' He said he was coming over from Europe, and down in the steerage the food was insufficient, not enough to go around. And when the bell rang there was a scrambling and falling over chairs to get to the table. They all acted like hungry dogs, and gobbled down what they succeeded in getting. Up in the first-class dining-room the passengers sauntered in one by one, two by two, were courteous to each other, and ate in an orderly and respectable way. 'Now,' said George, 'suppose you transpose them—put the rich people into the steerage, and let them know by four or five days' experience that the man who didn't rush quickly and overturn the chairs and gobble wouldn't get anything at all. The first-class passengers under those circumstances would act as badly as the people in the steerage.'"

I said: "Do you see anything beyond Socialism or beyond what seems to be the present danger of the inefficiency of pure democracy?"

"Well, perhaps," he said; "I have often thought about it. What I am saying now is not indorsed by the Socialists, but my own idea. Some day, perhaps, to relieve the inefficiency of democracy, certain great powers of initiative will lie in the hands of a few men. What they are to do will be subject to referendum of the people. These leaders will give notice that they propose, unless they are ordered to the contrary, within a certain time to carry out a certain policy. If the people don't wish it, they can stop it by referendum. If there is no negative, then the leaders of the Government will go ahead. Under present conditions detailed democracy is too cumbersome. We debate something through a dozen campaigns, get a President and Congress elected, then all sorts of politics is played, and you get a pale substitute for what you were really after. Some day when the beef barons juggle with the price of meat the leaders of the Government will announce that they propose to take fifty millions out of the Treasury, raise beef, and sell it to the people at cost."

Mr. Benson suggested the foregoing only as a hypothetical idea of his, but I was very clear, from what he said, that thoughtful Socialists are as open-minded to some of the inefficiencies and deficiencies of our system of democracy as any of us are.

"I wish," I said, finally, "that you would distinguish the other leading parties as you understand them."

As quickly as I asked it, he answered: "The Republican party is the political exponent of the great capitalist interests. The Democratic party is the political exponent of the middle-class capitalists, and I think their philosophy is in great part based upon the political ideals of a century ago, when production was small and individual. Jefferson's neighbors got their woolens from little private looms. Their descendants get them from the American Woolen Company, and the Democratic party does not seem to realize the development that has taken place. The Progressive party has some ideas of the Socialists, which are good as far as they go, but they don't go very far. The Progressives have never really struck at the root of the evils of present-day society, as the Socialists have in their demand for the public ownership of the tools of production and distribution. These tools now are in the hands of a few people."

Those of us who believe that human nature is such that the only way we can get a better order is by evolution, and not by revolution, that the function of the state is to perfect the individual, and that we need only so much Socialism as will accomplish that wisely and well, are yet glad to have the leadership of Socialism in the United States pass out of the merely emotional and agitator stage into the stage of responsible reasoning. A pamphleteer and thinker like Benson is a needed complement to a flaming evangelist and radical of the type of Debs.

As the candidate of the Socialists was leaving, he turned earnestly and said: "I wish you would add just one other point. Whatever anybody may think of us, we are honestly and seriously laboring for what we conceive to be primarily the benefit of this country, and then of the world. Right or wrong, we are working with a degree of earnestness and unselfishness that cannot be surpassed by the members of any other party. We are trying to do right, and we are paying for it. Everybody who is a Socialist and works for it loses money by it."

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"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

BY GEORGE SEIBEL

A somewhat bitter controversy has arisen in New York City over a painting. This would seem like a newly awakened interest in art, except for the fact that the controversy is not over the painting as a work of art, but as a social lecture. It is Dollman's painting entitled "Am I My Brother's Keeper?" It was given by Alfred Mosely, Chairman of the British Educational Commission, to the Board of Education of the city of New York. It was first hung in the Board's committee room. The Labor Forum, which is an organization to provide for the discussion of social questions, and which holds its meetings in the People's Auditorium of the Washington Irving High School, suggested that the picture be hung in this Auditorium. The reason for the suggestion was that the Forum believed that here, where the people of the neighborhood gathered, it would afford a constantly recurrent lesson of social responsibility. The Washington Irving High School is more than an ordinary school. The large amount of money (a million and a half dollars) for the erection of the school was granted because the plans involved this large auditorium for general community use, and therefore made the building not only a school but a community center.

The picture was loaned for exhibit in the auditorium on "Unemployment Night." The principal of the school, Mr. Zabriskie, declared that he believed the picture was too morbid for the girls in his school to look at, and that these girls "should have all the enthusiasm, the joy, and the beauty that pleasant surroundings can give, and there should be no jarring or depressing note." He therefore ordered the picture stored in the basement. It has been pointed out that such scenes are to be found on the park benches of Union Square, within a block of the school.

To the use of school buildings to help a propaganda, even though it be in a good cause, there is certainly reasonable ground to object. The school buildings, and specifically such a building as this, to be used not only as a school but as a community center, belong to the whole people, and should not be the instrument of a fraction of the people to advance a cause in which they believe. On the other hand, there is no better place than the school building for the people to meet and discuss the great social problems with which they daily have to deal. If such a picture as that which has occasioned this controversy is of itself ugly and in bad taste, it ought not to hang in the school building, no matter what its subject; and if its purpose is primarily the advancement of a propaganda, it has no place there, even though it be beautiful; but the mere fact that it depicts conditions which are not right, but which are very real and very obvious, is not of itself a reason for concealing it.

This picture received a prize at the Royal Academy of London. The Washington Irving High School is situated in the midst of a community where the problem of unemployment is a familiar one. To remove from the building that picture is not to remove the problem or the sense of it from the people who go to the building. A reproduction of this picture appears in our Alcogravure Section. The real question is whether this picture portrays and interprets a familiar and obvious fact of life with beauty and artistic competence.

The circumstances under which this picture was rejected furnish the text for Mr. Seibel's poem.—THE EDITORS.

Oh, couch me softly in luxuriant down,
  Where fountains rain upon me ruby wine;
Feed me with lollipops, and let a clown
  Stir me to gentle laughter as I dine;
But lock the door if any clamorous truth
  Should climb the stair of my secure abode,
And draw the curtain if a face uncouth
  Peer through my window from the common road.

If Poverty and Wrong do stalk about,
  Tell me not of their gaunt and frightful frame;
I'll shut my ears unto the hungry shout,
  And will not look upon the face of shame.
The darkness with electric suns dispel;
  No sermons utter but with scented breath—
Avoid the faintest whisper of a hell
  And all unpleasant reference to death.

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Let me not see the blood that I have shed,
And wrap in silk the sores my saddle rubbed;
Dig deep a grave to hide the hills of dead;
Away the heads rebellious I have clubbed!
If there be any sorrow in the world,
Or any guilt, conceal it from my sight;
Perfumed and painted, manicured and curled,
Let me know nothing but the heart's delight.

If down the street should come, his ugly cross
To drag through Irving Place, the bleeding Christ,
Arrest him; to the cellar quickly toss
His cruel burden, lest I be enticed
By love or pity to take up the load,
Or shed a tear, or plead against the crime—
Quick! trill a gay Anacreontic ode,
For Conscience cannot trip to tango time.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" What a cry
To pierce the joy and luxury of life!
Let all the world go hungry, if but I
Am full of bread and do not see the strife;
Let all the world go naked, so I wear
A cloud of lace and trail a silken train—
Let me forget that I am Adam's heir,
And also very near of kin to Cain!

THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT

AN INTERVIEW WITH LOU WESCOTT BECK

During the past year reports have come to us from visitors to California of the remarkable life-saving work carried on in the desert regions of the Southwest by a former mining prospector, Mr. Lou Wescott Beck, and his dog. Photographs taken by this desert expert increased our interest in the stories of his adventures. In this issue we have the pleasure of reproducing elsewhere four of these photographs and of telling here Mr. Beck's story, taken down stenographically in an interview with a member of the staff of The Outlook.

Mr. Beck lives in Pasadena, California, and in the intervals when he is not occupied with his rescue work in the desert he gives lectures describing that region and his explorations. These lectures have been called by a Californian who is familiar with them "grub-stake lectures"—grub-stake being the miner's term for the financial support necessary to the work of the prospector in the mining regions. Mr. Beck devotes the proceeds of his lectures to a continuation and extension of his humane work in the American Sahara.—THE EDITORS.

FEW people in the United States have any idea or knowledge of the real American Desert, which extends east and west from Salt Lake to the Sierra Range, and north and south from northern Nevada to the Mexican line. This section contains something over two hundred thousand square miles, a territory practically as large as the entire German Empire. In spite of its death-like aridness this region is of great economic value because of its mineral resources and the presence of alkalis, which include potash, gypsum, and soda. Of course water is the essential mainstay of life in this desert country.

When emigration began to go to the Pacific coast in 1849, it had practically to take one of three general routes. One was by sea around Cape Horn; the second followed the "Oregon Trail" through the Northern mountains; while the third route followed several trails across the desert region

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just described, mostly starting from what is now known as Salt Lake City.

In the gold rush many scores of lives were lost in crossing this desert region through disease and exposure, but chiefly from the lack of water. There is to-day in the Death Valley region a water-hole or well known as Bennett's Wells, which is on the west side of the Death Valley sea-bed. This was dug by a party led by a man by the name of Bennett in the gold rush days, and of that party tradition says that only one out of twenty-six survived. The water of the Bennett Wells was then and is to-day undrinkable, for it is little short of poisonous, especially to a man in an exhausted condition. Of the poisonous waters of the desert I shall speak a little later.

As traffic increased to the Pacific coast railways began to be built, and the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé system crosses this desert in the general direction of what is known as the Santa Fé Trail. Another railway that crosses the desert is known as the Salt Lake Route. In building these railways the engineers and the construction hands suffered greatly from the privations of desert life, notably from the lack of water and from the sand-storms. The surveying party of the Salt Lake Route discovered in crossing the Mojave Desert thirty skeletons of white men who, in the pioneer days, had lost their lives within two hundred and fifty miles of the now great city of Los Angeles. A few years ago I myself in the Death Valley Desert came across the remains of a Forty-niner's outfit, covered and preserved by sand —human and animal bones, the hoofs of oxen with the shoes still attached, and, sticking out of the sand, some of the neck yokes. And it is a common thing to-day to explorers of the desert to come across the hubs or the spokes or the bodies of the old prairie-schooners of the days of the Forty-niners which have remained there half buried for sixty or seventy years.

It may be asked why this great desert region is a danger to life to-day when it is crossed by railways with all the modern appliances for travel.

The region is full of mineral deposits, such as gold, silver, and lead, and there are alkali products, such as borax, gypsum, potash, and the sodas, all of which have commercial value. There are also marbles and semi-precious jewels, such as opals, agates, and jaspers. There are actually prosperous mines being worked to-day in this desert region, the engineers and laborers of which have to cross the desert on mule or horseback or in wagons. There are also many parties of explorers and prospectors who go into this region seeking out these mineral and chemical deposits, so that there is actually to-day a considerable active, human life in the desert. This life is constantly menaced by the terrible danger of desert thirst.

I happen to be a mining engineer. The company with which I was associated began to consider this southern desert region. They hoped to find niter, and they sent me into the desert in search of it. As a matter of fact the niter scheme did not amount to much, as niter is found only in small quantities. But in this way I became familiar with the desert, and saw for myself the loss of life and the human suffering which occur on account of the lack of knowledge of the country and the location of water. I began, therefore, to devote myself to marking the water places. I have been doing this work now for seventeen years. My home is in Pasadena, but when I am going on one of my desert expeditions I start out with what is called on the coast "an outfit." It may be a mule team or it may be an automobile, although the automobile can penetrate only a little way into the desert. In passing, let me say that the automobile is likely to transform desert transportation. The caterpillar truck has been successfully experimented with during the past year, and I believe is going to open up mines hitherto inaccessible.

My companion for ten years on these desert trips has been my dog Rufus. As will be seen from the illustration printed on another page, Rufus has to wear elk-skin shoes to protect his feet from the hot sand. Rufus has a record of having saved thirty-two lives of men "down and out" and in the last stages of desert delirium. In addition to these thirty-two I have the records of three hundred and thirty-four men lost, short of provisions, and out of water who have been revived by the provisions and water which Rufus himself carried. These men I have taken back to my camp and fitted out for proceeding on their journey.

The desert regions that are known and have well-marked trails I avoid. Travelers there can take care of themselves. My work is in the out-of-the-way, unknown, and specially dangerous places. The rescue work may be divided into two parts. One is that of actually saving by the aid of Rufus the

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men who are on the verge of death because they are lost in the desert. The other is the preventive work of marking water sources and trails and putting up guide-posts.

In the early season, before the heated term begins, I devote myself largely to marking the water sources and the trails leading to them either by wooden signs or painted rocks. Then, when the heated and deadly weather comes, I begin to patrol and search for the lost. Water sources are essential to this rescue work.

A water source is not what is ordinarily called a spring. It may be a well dug by Indians, or a pool of seepage water, or what we call a "natural tank," which is a basin like that shown in the illustration, containing accumulated rain-water. Where these tanks of rain-water are in the solid rock, as shown in the illustration, the water is drinkable. But where the tank occurs in the gypsum or other alkali formation the water is unusable. This gypsum water can be drunk by a man in normal health without great injury, but to a man exhausted by sufferings on the desert it is oftentimes deadly. I carry on my face the scars of a struggle with a man lost on the desert whom I discovered, and who, in his delirium, was bound to get at this gypsum water, and I was bound to keep him from it, because I knew that it was poison to him. Rufus, my dog, could not help me in my fight with this man, because he was carrying six quarts of water. Finally, however, I got the man under control, and gave him some of the fresh water which Rufus was carrying, and thus saved his life.

I must say right here that Rufus is an expert in testing water. I depend upon him largely to tell me whether the water is drinkable or undrinkable. The only time that I was ever poisoned by water was when I took the first drink before Rufus tasted it. The drinking of that poisonous water nearly cost me my life. I carry the scars of the surgical treatment which was necessary. I even lost my finger-nails. I mention this to illustrate the terrible physical sufferings which men can undergo in this desert. In this particular instance I had been traveling thirty-one hours without a drink of water. I knew of this well, which had been dug many years ago to supply a mine about sixteen miles away. It had a pump and a well-house. I got there about one o'clock at night, and after filling a bucket I took a couple of swallows myself and then offered a bucket to Rufus and he refused it. I knew then that there was something wrong. I immediately boiled about two quarts of the water with black coffee and drank it. While this did not save me from a terrific attack of poisoning, it did, I think, save my life.

A man is more of a camel than is generally supposed. Training makes it possible for me to go nearly twelve hours without a drink of water even in the hottest desert. This is because I drink, immediately after breakfast at the camp by the water source, all the water, cooled by evaporation, that I can possibly hold. This lasts the entire day. The dog's canteen has a little hole in the cap of the top, and I shake out of this a few drops now and then upon his tongue.

In addition to the dangers of thirst and sand-storms are the dangers of reptiles. The "side-winder" or horned rattlesnake, which infests the desert region, is the deadliest of American reptiles. I have been fortunate enough to save from a dozen to twenty white men and Indians—mostly Indians, because they go barefooted—who were suffering from snake-bite. The little pouch on the breast strap on Rufus's body carries a hypodermic syringe and antidotes for snake-bites. It also contains restoratives for the victims of thirst. My main medicine chest I carry in my camp outfit.

So far there has been no successful attempt on the part of either the State or the Federal Government to patrol or permanently mark these desert trails, although for the last seventy years there has been an average annual loss of life amounting to about twenty-five. The greater number of the bodies of the men thus lost are never found until the ensuing year.

While the exploring and rescue work of patrolling this desert region has so far been individual, it has seemed to me that the Government might do something. A bill was introduced by one of the Congressmen from California into the House of Representatives at Washington at my suggestion, asking for a Federal appropriation of ten thousand dollars annually to supply signs and to improve the natural water sources. This work on the part of the Federal Government would not only save lives, but would be a direct step toward the development of rich mineral deposits now unknown or unexploited because of the lack of water and their inaccessibility. I wish there were some way by which our Federal Government could take this great problem up.

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BY THE WAY

Is ocean travel safe? Mr. Thomas Kinsey says that it is, and he speaks from abundant knowledge. He has traveled more miles on the sea, probably, than any other living man—about four million miles; and he says that he has never been in serious danger in any of his voyages. He has just retired from his work as purser, on the completion of his eleven hundredth trip across the Atlantic, after following the sea for sixty-three years.

Devout Roman Catholics often enjoy a whimsical joke on themselves, as this story from a good-humored ecclesiastic indicates: "Lay readers are sometimes employed to read aloud to an assembly of the religious in a monastery. In one such case the reader (not a learned man) was reading an account of missionary work. He came to this sentence: 'So the Jesuit returned from China with his MSS.' He rendered it thus: 'So the Jesuit returned from China with his missus.' The hearty roars of laughter from the brothers would have done credit to a group of the worldly-minded."

"A word to the unwise should be sufficient, while the wise don't need it," is a clever newspaper variation of the old saying, "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Advocating the increased use of paper appliances and utensils in the household, a writer in "Good Health" says that there are now about thirty household articles made from vegetable parchment paper—among them ice blankets, dish cloths, bed protectors, etc. The housekeepers who have learned to use these articles, the writer avers, say that they could not possibly do their work comfortably without them.

Apropos of the phrase, recently quoted on this page, "Down with the dust," a subscriber writes: "A sermon of Dean Swift's, celebrated as the shortest sermon ever preached, was from the text (Prov. xix. 17): 'He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord.' The sermon was: 'If you are satisfied with the security, down with the dust.'"

One somehow thinks of war medals as priceless, treasured always either by the gallant recipient or by his descendants as the most precious of heirlooms. Yet in a recent book, "War Medals and Their History," by W. A. Steward, a chapter is devoted to "Sale Prices" of these tributes to heroism. Auction prices of Waterloo medals vary from $7.50 to $100; a gold medal of the Peninsular War brought $575, while a tin medal won at Seringapatam realized only $5; Trafalgar medals vary from $7.50 to $1,225; Victoria Crosses are high—from $215 to $850.

These war medals, of course, are not lightly parted with; some of the recipients, before selling them, obliterate their names, but these mutilated medals bring a smaller price. Behind every sale there is doubtless a pitiful story of misfortune. This is indicated in Mr. Steward's statement that several of the heroes of the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, celebrated in Tennyson's poem, ended their days in the workhouse.

A comic relief for these war-medal tragedies is found in a statement about one of the Trafalgar medals which was struck in pewter. The sturdy sailors who won this famous victory felt insulted by the commonplace metal used, and many of them "either refused them or threw them overboard." These pewter medals now command a higher price than the bronze medals that commemorate the same victory.

Dr. Felix Adler, in an address before the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, said: "I have learned to look upon the theater, if you please, as the 'house of the interpreter'—the interpreter of life. So I cannot share the pessimism of those who think your art is a declining art and that its days are numbered."

The fascination of opera to some of its devotees is thus picturesquely characterized by Professor Surette in the "Atlantic Monthly:" "Opera is to many people a sort of fascination entirely outside reason. They enjoy the spectacle on the stage and the spectacle of which they are a part; the sight of three thousand people well dressed like themselves comforts them: the fine singing, costumes, and stage setting, the gorgeous orchestra throbbing with passion entirely unbridled—all these they enjoy. . . . Opera is, in short, to such people a slightly illicit æsthetic adventure."

Frederick Palmer, writing in "Collier's" of the British spirit of independence, says: "When I said to a famous fighting London editor, 'Do you know what would happen to you if you were in Germany?' he replied: 'Yes; my paper would be suppressed and I should either be shot or put in jail. But I'm not a German. I'm an Englishman—and I'm going to speak my mind.'" Here surely is our own spirit of '76 in the home land.

In connection with the 250th anniversary of the founding of Newark, New Jersey, to be celebrated in May, a subscriber calls attention to the peculiar fact that the First Presbyterian Church of that city began as a Congregational church, while the First Congregational Church started as a Presbyterian church. It is also interesting to note that, in times when denominational lines were strictly drawn, the minister of the First Congregational Church was a born-and-bred Presbyterian, while the minister and assistant minister of the First Presbyterian Church were called from the Congregational denomination.

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